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TAMMANY AGAIN.

There is a significance about Tammany's return this time that strikes one as unique in its hopelessness. It seems to close a volume with a snap, to write an irrevocable Finis over every page in the history of a great effort. At other times it has been possible to find excuses; it is impossible to find a single one now. In the past there have usually been two fundamental causes to account for Tammany's reappearances. Either the Reformers have palpably failed to live up to their pledges and professions, and to give the city an honest and business-like government; or else there has been a split in the anti-Tammany ranks, the Reformers putting forward one candidate, the Republicans another, and Tammany slipping in between them with scarcely an effort. Neither of these conditions obtained on this occasion. The Republicans and the Reformers were again in alliance, and so far as one could see, that alliance was on both sides faithfully observed. A certain number of independent Democrats declined, as usual, to follow Tammany's lead on a merely local issue, and worked and voted for Mr. Seth Low. He was supported, too, by the entire reputable Press of the city, by the influence of the pulpit, and by whatever still remains of a civic conscience among the people of Greater New York. Moreover, Tammany's power, despotic enough within the limits of Manhattan Island, has not yet been consolidated among the outlying boroughs and cities that the Charter of 1897 amalgamated into one gigantic municipality. In the Borough of Brooklyn, especially, there was one of those intense personal clashes between Boss and Boss that make American politics so excessively human. It even looked for a while as if the Brooklyn Democrats would "bolt" the Tammany ticket, or "knife" it by abstention from the polls. Again, the Reformers had learned from the past the necessity of preparing for war in times of peace. They talked less of spontaneous movements, and moral outbursts, and more about the machinery of organization. So far as concerned the practical details of a political campaign, in discipline, cohesion, system, and the outward paraphernalia of agitation, they had since 1897 vastly improved their effectiveness. They took the field with something like the precision of veter-

ans. And beyond everything else, they had the inspiration of some signal achievements. The Reformer's record in office had for the first time in the history of New York been really efficient. That it was also honest was no more than every one had expected. The average New Yorker, with his habit of placing politics in a moral category of its own, has not, however, a particularly high opinion of the public value of honesty. It is one of the commonest complaints against the Reformers that they over-estimate that quality, that they are apt to plead it as a valid defence against all charges of practical shortcomings, and that they divorce it without a suspicion of incongruity from other attributes of equal or greater bearing on sound administration. Mr. Dooley, whom no one who wishes to understand American politics can possibly neglect, put his unerring finger on this peculiarity. "Fortchinitly, Hinnissy, a rayformer is seldom a business man. He thinks he is, but business men know diff'rent. He thinks business and honesty is th' same thing. He does, indeed. He's got them mixed because they dhress alike. His idee is that all he has to do to make a business administhration, is to have honest men ar-round him." Well, we have the same "idee" in England, too; nor are we denied the opportunity of testing from time to time its consoling efficacy. There is no doubt that it does console a great many people in England. They read the reports of their Remounts Committees, and War Commissions, and so on, with a pious thankfulness that English incompetence should be of the choicest, most incorruptible brand, and they find the reflection so moving that sustained anger becomes impossible. An honest incapable in England always ends by finding his incapacity condoned for the sake of his honesty. It is quite an arguable point of view, and I am concerned not with disputing it, but with emphasizing the fact that in the special atmosphere of American, above all, of New York politics, it counts for next to nothing. The instinct of the average American is to remain unmoved, or rather, to be positively irritated, when a Reform administration that has failed either to reform or to administer, appeals to him on the score of its honesty. The "holier than thou" argument he regards as a peculiar impertinence on the lips of politicians, and Reformers who rely on their moral excellences to cover up their practical defects are of all people the ones with whom he has the least patience. But on November 3rd he was in the unusual position of not being called upon to strike a balance between good intentions and their total miscarriage in practice. The Reformers came before him with a record of activity, economy, and well-considered achievement not unworthy to be compared with Mr. Chamberlain's outburst of municipal energy thirty years ago. For twenty-two months Mr. Seth Low and his colleagues had provided a government which, taking it as a whole, must be pronounced the best that New York or any other American city has ever known. That, to be sure, is not saying much; there is only one American city which has been well governed for five years at a stretch, and that is Washington, where the people have no votes. But Mr. Low's administration would bear to be judged even by German or English standards. Indeed, we ought to multiply an English mayor's difficulties fifty times over to reach an approximate estimate of the obstacles in Mr. Low's path. I will not say he removed them all. Some of his appointments proved unhappy; in one or two departments there was more zeal than practicality; and certain problems, like the Sunday drinking question, were not handled with suffi-

cient decision or fixity of purpose. Nevertheless, the general record was unquestionably a good one. Industry, thrift, dispatch, a rigid guardianship of the public rights and the public treasury against corporations and contractors, and a spirit of sober enterprise and development again found a place in the City Hall. Fundamentally, Mr. Low accomplished what he set out to do. He cleaned up the Tammany mess; he crushed the league between the police and crime and vice, on which Tammany had battened; he enforced the laws impartially; and he furthered a really extraordinary number of projects for the improvement of the health and convenience of the people, for the development of the city's resources, and especially for the redemption of the festering East Side.

The conclusion, therefore, is unescapable that Tammany's triumph in the face of such conditions is of more than usual moment. It had become a superstition that Tammany could never be beaten twice running, but the superstition has gathered an extraordinary point from the result of the recent election. It is now seen that Tammany cannot be beaten twice running, even when the Reformers are well organized, are working in alliance with the Republicans, and have behind them the prestige of an admirable record in office. That is something that had never been suspected. It always used to be the final retort of New Yorkers when pressed on the matter, that, after all, there are more people in New York against Tammany than for it, and that given a fusion of all the anti-Tammany forces, decency is sure to carry the day. It is impossible any longer to hold to that belief. On a remarkably full register, and with every circumstance that should weigh with an English-speaking electorate in their favor, the "good citizens," and their Republican and Independent-Democratic allies have been routed by a majority of over 60,000 votes. "Corruption and fraud have done their work," was the comment of *The Times'* New York correspondent. No doubt corruption and fraud contributed something to the result, but to single them out as the chief causes of Tammany's success was hasty, even in a cablegram. Of actual corruption in the sense of votes bought outright for cash, there was probably little; at least, I inquired most carefully into similar charges at the election of 1897, and found that Tammany was rather inclined to fight shy of direct bribery on the sensible ground that since the introduction of the secret ballot there was no assurrance that "the goods" would really be "delivered." I think, too, one may safely strike out fraud as a factor of real consequence. The days when personation, ballot stuffing, illegal registration, and false counting were the scientific basis of Tammany politics, are gone for ever. It used to be a foible of Tammany's to poll more votes than there were names on the register, but here again the secret ballot has greatly helped it to overcome this weakness. Penitentiaries, convict prisons, almshouses, hospitals, asylums, and reformatories are no longer ransacked for pliant personators; an immigrant may be landed in New York even on election day, and yet escape being rushed to the polling booths; and those famous corps of "plug-uglies" and "hoodlums," that Tammany used to send forth to sweep the city of opponents are to-day little more than a picturesque memory, like the gladiators attached to a Roman patrician. I do not deny that voters are still "colonized" for a special election, that repeating is a moderately common offence, and that some queer tricks are occasionally played even to-day with voting-papers and ballot-boxes. But there is no such uproarious illegality

as marked the decade between 1860 and 1870; and there is good reason to think that the election of three weeks ago was of more than average purity. It was held, one must remember, under the auspices of a Reform administration, and both the Chief of Police and the Superintendent of Elections—the two officials in whose hands the conduct of an election finally rests—were men of integrity and determination, and stalwart fighters in the Reformers' ranks. In any case, and admitting that there must have been some fraud and some corruption, it is altogether too far-fetched to think they could have influenced a sixth of the electorate, and that to their agency the turn-over of nearly 100,000 votes is to be ascribed. We must look a good deal deeper than that.

But first of all it may be as well to dispose of those other causes which, like fraud and corruption, had an undoubted but not in my belief a large share in deciding the issue. In an article which appeared in the *Morning Post* of November 3rd, I ventured to give the first place among these minor influences to the inevitable effects of reaction. No one who has not seen it with his own eyes can quite realize the immensity of the effort that is required for Tammany's overthrow—the feverishness and exaltation of it, the interminable physical and mental stress, the excruciating tension. It is asking a good deal of human nature to rise to the height of a religious crusade once every two years, and New Yorkers, for all their incurable altruism, are very human—"th' greatest crusaders that iver was—f'r a shorrt distince," as Mr. Dooley called them. Then, again, it needs Tammany to defeat Tammany. It needs the daily infamy of Tammany rule right under their very eyes to rouse New Yorkers to shake it off. It is only when some particularly scandalous revelation of Tammany rescality has lifted men somewhat above themselves and supplied them with a bond of moral anger more powerful for the moment than even the ties of party, that New York feels itself earnestly drawn towards a Reform ticket. When the election of November 3rd took place, Tammany had been out of office for nearly two years. The memory of its record no doubt was fresh, but it was not of that stinging and insistent freshness that brought about the revolt of 1901. The Reformers were thus in a way on the defensive; they were justifying their own record instead of assailing Tammany's. Moreover, Mr. Seth Low and his colleagues were exposed, like all Reformers, to a particularly one-sided and unnatural sort of criticism. "The Reformers set their standard high, and by that standard are they judged. Mistakes that under a Tammany rule are taken as a matter of course, become grave offences when committed by Reformers. A jealous and incessantly microscopic criticism, from friend and foe alike, pursues their smallest act. magnifies and ridicules every failure. The promised reforms are long a-coming, and when they do come are not always seen to work quite smoothly. Up goes an instantaneous howl of impatience and disappointment from the reforming Press, and of derision for Tammany. Moreover, no Reform Administration has yet mastered the secret, which Tammany so perfectly comprehends, of combination, of 'team-play.' The heads of the various departments work far too independently of each other; they are too much like a company of star actors; they quarrel with one another and criticise each other's conduct with a publicity and freedom quite destructive of any real unity. And as every Administration lives in a glass-house, with all the electric lights turned on, and a reporter at every window, all these bickerings

become public property at once. New York knows precisely what the District Attorney has been saying of the Mayor, what the Comptroller thinks of the Fire Commissioner, why the Borough President dislikes the Chief of Police, and what is each official's private opinion of himself and his colleagues. It is amusing and piquant enough for a time, but amusement ends by passing into boredom, and finally into disgust. There comes a period at last when to the ordinary citizen even Tammany seems preferable to the discord and the din of all this jangling jealousy. Tammany has at least the precious and healing gift of working in silence."

All this may seem trivial enough—if anything is trivial in politics. But if we follow out this lack of collective responsibility to its consequences we shall find it touching issues of grave public import. Take, for instance, the question of Sunday drinking. I know of no question that illustrates so compactly the altruism, the insincerity, and the timidity of American politics, nor one which throws so peculiar a light on the conditions which have made Tammany possible. Its significance has been explained with acute good sense in a graphic and pungent book written by Mr. Alfred Hodder.[1] Mr. Hodder starts out by insisting that the altruist, the "Puritan," the immoderately "good" citizen, is really Tammany's unconscious but most efficacious ally. "The refusal of the Puritan to 'compromise with vice' is," he says, "Tammany's opportunity; and Tammany has never been slow to make the most of it. The Puritan arouses public sentiment; Tammany, holding office, sees to it that the law demanded by that public sentiment is inserted upon the statute-book, and looks to the inevitable violations to supply the mainspring of its power." I have elsewhere said that I believe this to be perfectly and most shrewdly true. Tammany would be well on the way to starvation if the laws under which New York is governed were in accordance with the wishes and opinions of its inhabitants. It is, as a rule, only when a law is flagrantly out of touch with the commonsense of the average man who lives under it that the temptation exists to buy and sell immunity from its effects. In this aspect Tammany is really New York's and human nature's protest against the extremes of legislative altruism. But why should there be such extremes? The answer to that question would cut too deeply into the roots of the American character to be attempted here. I can only repeat what I have said before, that briefly, the ordinary American is in politics both a sentimentalist and a coward. He believes, or likes to pretend he believes, that legislation can cure anything, and when a zealot arises who demands that henceforth there shall be no Sunday drinking in New York City, no gambling and no prostitution, he finds the State Legislature—and it is the State Legislature at Albany and not the local municipality that settles such things—more than ready to meet him half-way. Pandering to the moral sentiment of the community is one of the daily necessities or pastimes of American political life. The consequence is that the most impossible laws find their way on to the statute-book. Nobody seriously believes in them; nobody intends that they shall ever be really enforced. It is always well to remember that in America there is a wide gulf between passing a Bill and making it operative. The one process does not follow on the other in the heedlessly mechanical fashion of older countries. Indeed, Americans have a kindly suspicion that most laws are to be held pleasant

[1] "A Fight for the City." By Alfred Hodder: The Macmillan Co., 6s. net. 1903.

jests until proved otherwise. The proof of their seriousness lies in their enforcement, and to enforce a law forbidding gambling or Sunday drinking or prostitution in such a pleasure-loving and composite city as New York is, of course, wholly impossible. The law being on the statute-book, however, something must be done about it. To repeal it is hopeless, because no legislator will dare to have it said that he favors gambling or Sunday drinking, or vice of any kind. Hence follow, especially among the Reformers, the most extraordinary devices for getting out of the pit of their own digging. Some will rigidly enforce the law in its minutest stringency, and so convulse the city. Others are for what they call a "liberal" enforcement. That is, they will punish serious and flagrant violations of it, and leave the rest alone. But this is a policy which creates as much ill-feeling and repulsion as the severer and more logical plan, and considerably more uncertainty. The Reformers were not able to avoid the dilemma. The Mayor favored "liberality" on the arguable ground that the extreme of law is always the extreme of injustice. The District Attorney was first for altering the law—which proved impossible—and then for carrying it out, in the old Rooseveltian fashion, to the letter—which proved more impossible still. In the end and between the two of them, the saloon-keepers, the Germans, the Irish, the extreme Temperance party, and the average citizen were about equally alienated. The Tammany method is, after all, the most consistent and the easiest. To the proprietor of the saloon and the gambling-den and the disorderly house, Tammany, through the mouths of its police officers, simply says, "Pay me so much a month and I will protect you." In the result, everybody is contented. The law remains on the statute-book, a glowing testimony to the "morality" of New York; it is not put into action, so nobody feels its inconvenience; and Tammany grows rich and is able to subscribe handsomely to a monument for Parnell, and "the suffering poor of Cuba," out of the proceeds of its non-enforcement. A league with vice? Yes, but a league that the idealism and hypocrisy of American politics have combined to make all but inevitable.

The Reformers' handling of the liquor problem, then, had that quality of Balfourian half-heartedness which in the long run satisfies no one. Undoubtedly, it lost them many votes at the poll, not only on its own demerits, but also for what it represented. Then, again, they were unable to conquer that social distrust of "gentlemen," which one encounters so often and so unexpectedly in American, and especially in city, politics. M. Ostrogorski, almost alone among writers on American affairs, has given to this class-prejudice its due weight.[2] The average New Yorker dislikes to be governed by men of refinement, independent means, superior position. At a time of strong moral excitement he may vote for them, and even elect them to office, but he quickly wearies of their aloofness, exaggerates their detachment from "the plain people," and comes in the end to resent their presence and activity as a sort of affront to democracy. I remember that this feeling found an outlet in some of the campaign ditties during the election of 1897. The Republicans were at that time running a candidate of their own, General Tracy, as

[2] In his "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties." (Macmillan.) A little too fanciful, though always stimulating and suggestive, in the English part of his work, M. Ostrogorski analyzes the machinery of American politics with masterly comprehensiveness, subtlety, and insight. A flowing and varied style and a rich turn for ironic humor make his second volume as attractive to the general reader as it is invaluable to the student.

much against Mr. Seth Low, the choice of the Citizens' Union, as against the Tammany nominee; and their battle-hymn, if my memory holds, went like this:—

Seth Low's a high-born laddy,
He had "dough" left by his daddy,
Proud as a peacock, I should say,
He hasn't grown conceited—he was born that way.
From our party he can't wean us,
No "Cit." can come between us,
We're for Tracy thick and thin,
That high-toned lad can't win!

It is only in America that the President of a famous College, a gentleman of the highest character, and of a capacity that had been tested and proved in three arduous and widely different fields, could be upbraided for being "high-born"—Mr. Low is the son of a Brooklyn tea-merchant—for having inherited money, for living in a brown-stone house, for carrying into public life the ordinary manners and deportment of a private gentleman. Mr. Low would have made an admirable Mayor of an English town, but New York has scarcely yet been educated up to his standard. There was the distinct consciousness that he and his colleagues, and the atmosphere in which they lived and worked, reached a perilously undemocratic degree of good breeding. Nor had Mr. Low the personal qualities or habits that might have bridged the gulf. He is singularly destitute of that "magnetism" which Americans so dearly prize in their leaders; he has nothing of the "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit; people felt that he would rather not be slapped on the back. And besides this, Tammany was unusually well-placed for diverting the contest away from the issue of good or bad government, and into the channels of strictly party politics. The common-sense of New York is still very far from accepting non-partisanship as the natural basis for civic administration. Besides, was Mr. Low's a really non-partisan government? That it contained men of all politics was true enough, but it was equally true that but for the Republicans it could not have been elected, and that it felt bound from time to time to defer to Republican wishes. Tammany might fairly argue that under the cloak of non-partisanship the Republicans were simply playing the party game, that Mr. Low's victory was in effect their victory, and that they turned it to the recognized party use, first, by getting the major share of the spoils, and, secondly, by using their control of New York to strengthen their general position as an organization. It was not always easy to meet these charges satisfactorily; there were too many obvious facts that seemed to justify them. Moreover, it was indisputable that the party which carried New York City in 1903 would stand a far better chance of carrying New York State in 1904, at the great Presidential election. Tammany, therefore, turned to the Democratic voters with a three-fold appeal—first, that non-partisanship was wrong in principle; secondly, that Mr. Low's administration was too predominantly Republican in sympathy and personnel to be called non-partisan; and, thirdly, that the nearness of the Presidential campaign imposed on all true Democrats an extra obligation to stand by their party.

All these influences, and many more, had their share in determining the result. But above and beyond them all, the cause of Tammany's triumph is to found in this decisive fact—that New Yorkers, or at least the majority of them, actually and deliberately prefer Tammany and the Tammany system to any other form of government. This is a conclusion which, with the best will in the world, can no longer be avoided. The issue was plain; the verdict was equally plain; and the deduc-

tion to be drawn from it is also unmistakable. Whether one ought not to go a step further and argue that a people who, with open eyes, have sanctioned the loot of their city, are either unfit for self-government, or else have entangled themselves in a system under which self-government is reduced to a farce, is a matter on which I will not enter now. The immediate facts are disheartening enough, without an attempt to probe their ultimate consequences; and I really believe that Mr. McClellan's majority of over 60,000 may be taken at its face value, and understood to mean just what it says, that New Yorkers, after an experience of both sorts of government, would rather be ruled by Tammany than by the Reformers. I regard their decision, for the reasons which I began by setting forth, as in no sense accidental, but conscious, matured, and in some sort, final. The circumstances in which it was rendered, after two years of admirable, clean-handed government following on four years of infamy, seem to me to invest it with a significance altogether unique. I do not mean that Tammany is necessarily secure in office for all time, though I fully believe that only its own carelessness can ever again turn it out; but I do mean that the question whether New York can be induced to support an honest administration is now settled, and that its endorsement of Mr. McClellan signifies a real and lasting preference for the spirit and system of Tammany rule.

In a noble and ennobling passage of his biography, Mr. Morley says of Gladstone: "He knew men well enough, at least, to have found out that none gains such ascendancy over them as he who appeals to what is the nobler part in human nature." A fine and true dictum; but I fear that an escendancy almost equally complete may be gained by appealing to what is the baser part in human nature—to its meanness, its cupidity, its insensate folly. Such at least is the foundation of Tammany's rulership. We are dealing, remember, with a cosmopolitan, feverish, pleasure-loving population, Pagan in its tastes, its habits and its opinions, imbued with the mercenary view of politics, and always in more or less open revolt against the laws with which the State Legislature, largely elected and controlled by rural votes and notions, attempts to regulate its behavior. It is a population that takes instinctively to the ideal of "a free and easy life in a free and easy town." This is an ideal with which Tammany whole-heartedly sympathizes, and one that for a price, the price of blackmail, it will undertake to translate into fact. New Yorkers, arguing that the fault is not so much in themselves as in the "Puritanical" lawmakers at Albany, will agree that it is better that the purveyors of "pleasure" should pay blackmail to the police than that there should be no "pleasure" at all. It is just here of course that they end by finding themselves sharply in conflict with the stringent code and severer logic of the Reformers —who do not always remember that though Americans respect law they do not respect laws. Moreover, the Reformers are rather apt to overdo it. They get a sort of mania for detecting "vice." Again I turn to Mr. Dooley for the exaggeration that crystallizes the truth. "A rayformer," says the philosopher, "don't think anything has been accomplished if they'se a vacant bedroom in th' pinitinchry. His motto is 'Arrest that man.' . . . Rayformers is in favor iv suppressin' iverything, but rale pollyticians believes in suppressin' nawthin' but ividince"; and he goes on to describe how the Reformers' "crusades against vice" let loose all the cranks in the city, and do not stop till "hanyous monsthers is nailed in th' act

iv histin' a shell iv beer in a German garden, and husbands wait in th' polis station to be r-ready to bail out their wives whin they're arrested f'r shoppin' afther four o'clock." After a residence of some years in New York, I find it difficult to doubt that the relaxed tone and the unrestricted license that prevail under Tammany's rule are really in consonance with the wishes and temperament of the majority of its inhabitants.

Bad government resembles Protection in that its benefits are immediate and tangible, and its evils indirect and often unsuspected. Some of the New York papers expressed amazement at the number of wealthy, reputable citizens who voted for Tammany on November 3rd. But the reason why they did so is surely obvious enough. There are in New York about 2,500 corporations that are subject to regulation by the law. Their fortunes are therefore no less dependent than the saloonkeeper's or the owner's of a gamblingden upon the good-will and "protection" of the city government. At this very moment the municipality of New York is prosecuting claims that amount to nearly £5,000,000, against various water, gas, and electric lighting companies. The Reformers have been moving heaven and earth to bring these cases into court and press for judgment; Tammany, for a consideration, will abandon them. If you were a director or stockholder in one of these companies, very much intent on money-making, very little concerned in politics, for whom would you vote—the Reformers or Tammany? And even if you voted for the Reformers, would it not be a mere act of prudence to guard against accidents by a thumping contribution to Tammany's campaign fund? One is constantly told in New York that Tammany is good to the poor; it is also good to the rich, and the rich appreciate and reciprocate its kindness. The East Side looks upon Tammany as a sort of infinitely multiplied Santa Claus, a centre of charity and benevolence, a mysteriously beneficent body that in return for a paltry vote will radiate good-fellowship and practical help, will pay a man's rent and doctor's bills, will give him a start in trade, or find a job for him in the municipal service, or "see him through" when he is in difficulties with the police. And Tammany unquestionably can and does contrive all this. It never forgets or "goes back on" a friend, and it is in the name, and also from certain points of view in the spirit, of friendship, that it pads the city pay-rolls and dumps down upon each department vast cohorts of its hangers-on. There is no need to ask whether a government that does this is popular.

The poor supply votes and small services. It is the rich who supply votes, big services, and wealth. It is the contractors, the financial magnates, the capitalists, the big Wall Street men, the proprietors of the "dry goods stores," the promoters and directors of Trusts and companies, the men who are after public concessions, that are Tammany's real and most valued partners. It is with them a business investment, a matter of self-protection if not of active self-interest. Think what Tammany's resources are. They are the resources of the second city of the world. Think again what the Boss of Tammany may do with this illimitable power. He may ally himself with a Wall Street group in an attack on some corporation. He may threaten one of the city's transportation companies with hostile legislation and so beat down the price of its shares. There is not a single company that he cannot hurt or one that he cannot benefit. He has the unfettered control, whenever he cares to exercise it, of municipal concessions, of municipal

credit, of public franchises, of that incalculable hinterland of spoils that lies behind every sphere, however insignificant, of municipal activity. If he favors a particular firm, that firm's position is forthwith established. He may enter into a sleeping partnership with a real estate dealer, and all the enormous business that comes through the Courts will find its way to his establishment. He may be judiciously "let in on the ground floor" of a bank, or insurance company, or industrial concern, and that bank or company, or concern will henceforward monopolize the city's business. And what applies to the Boss applies in a slightly lesser degree to the "district leaders" and the other chiefs of the wigwam. All are worth cultivating, because all can so arrange matters that on every piece of work given out in the city's name, from the shoeing of horses in the police department to the building of a Twopenny Tube, there will be a handsome percentage for themselves, and an equally handsome profit for the contractor. There is thus gathered round Tammany an enormous number of beneficiaries from all classes whose interests are wrapped up in maintaining it in power. In the end, of course, the city has to pay for it, but the end is far off, and the burden of it, when it does come, is too widely distributed to act in any way as a deterrent. Moreover, New Yorkers are not seriously scandalized by corruption. The unblushing robbery of Tweed's time was indeed too much for them, but the more polished methods of to-day, being for the most part rather suspected than actually visible, arouse almost as much amusement as indignation. There is, I believe, only one thing that is ever likely to stir New York to the point of ousting Tammany again, and that is the recurrence of such revelations as led to the revolt of 1901. It was then proved that a regular system was in operation, and under the protection of the police, by which young country girls were lured to New York, were ruined, and were placed in disorderly houses to swell the protective tribute. An iniquity so black as that even New York will never tolerate, but short of such extremes of infamy, I should not care to set any limit to the forbearance of the average voter. If only Tammany has the sense to parade an outward decency, if only it will consent to stand astounded at its moderation, if it will but steal "on the quiet," and blackmail without too scandalous a publicity, then there is no reason why its tenure of office should ever come to an end. It knew before that New York suited it; it now knows that it suits New York.

Sydney Brooks.

The Fortnightly Review.

PERSONALIA: POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND VARIOUS.

V. Personages and Retrospects.

There are, I suppose, adequate reasons for Lord Rowton's long delay in bringing out the Life of Lord Beaconsfield, but it would be interesting to know for how many more years they are likely to continue in force. In the meantime, so much of a fragmentary character has been written about this extraordinary man, a good deal of it the reverse of complimentary, that the prolonged absence of an authoritative biography is becoming distinctly prejudicial to his reputation. The memoirs of the first John Murray do not

present Disraeli, as a young man, in a very creditable light; and certain letters of his and his wife's, published in the most recent volumes of the Peel correspondence, are far from edifying reading. But possibly there is much to be said in explanation with which the public is unfamiliar. I have always found it easier to understand his complex career by identifying it with three distinct Disraelis: the *poseur* and fop; the political juggler; and finally the "high Imperialist" statesman, who only came into being as late as 1874. Until that date Disraeli's political *status* had been invariably of the hand-to-mouth order. When he found himself in office at all, it was only for the briefest tenure, and never accompanied by power. Accordingly, political greatness being his fixed object, in order to keep himself afloat till the tide should set his way, he was driven to adopt shifts and expedients to which otherwise he would never have resorted.

At the same time, it must be owned that whatever he may have felt, he displayed very little compunction in practising these derogatory methods, and it is not surprising that he should have earned the reputation not only with his opponents, but with his own party, of being deficient in scrupulousness. Becky Sharp once uttered a dictum to the effect that goodness would be easy to any one in the enjoyment of a good income, and no doubt Disraeli entertained the same sentiment in the matter of politics. Once provided with a handsome majority he found political propriety easily practicable. At all events, with his advent to real power in 1874 he immediately discarded his former shifty *rôle*, and thenceforth played without intermission the part of a high-principled and consistent statesman. It was in a measure, no doubt, owing to this auspicious change in his political conduct that Queen Victoria became as much prepossessed in Disraeli's favor as a few years before she had been prejudiced against him. Whether, if the Prince Consort had survived, the Queen would so rapidly have overcome her antipathy is open to question, for the Prince's distrust and dislike of Disraeli were profound: still, the factors that weighed with the Queen would probably to some extent have influenced the Prince, at all events sufficiently to ensure an attitude of toleration. Of course Disraeli took care to strengthen his improved position with the Sovereign by neglecting no ingratiatory means,—such, for instance, as adding to her existing titles that of Empress; but the Queen was far too sensible a woman to be solely influenced by such amenities, to which, compared with sterling principle, she attached little value.

Thus much by way of elucidating Disraeli's political character. What remains for me to say of him is purely in his social aspect. For my first fact concerning him I was indebted to an old gentleman who was a schoolfellow of Disraeli's at his only school, a private seminary in the north or east of London, and my informant's chief recollection of the future Premier was in connection with his lack of veracity, which he declared was painfully conspicuous. I rather gathered, however, that this was not so much culpable untruthfulness as an oriental proclivity for romancing and "embroidering," which to the ordinary British boy is far less venial than the common "bung"! But the veteran declined to discuss fine distinctions, contenting himself with the emphatic avowal that "Dizzy was the biggest liar in the school, and, indeed, that he had ever known!" Murray the publisher, already referred to, conceived himself to be the victim of serious misstatements, and on at least one public occasion, Disraeli certainly did not stick at a

trifle where a departure from veracity seemed likely to serve his purpose. This was at his election for Shrewsbury, when, by way of constructing some shred of local connection, he asserted, or at all events pointedly implied, that he had been educated at Shrewsbury School. His conduct, too, in the matter of his parliamentary panegyric on the Duke of Wellington was the reverse of creditable, the peroration being a word-for-word translation of some funeral address of Montalembert,—an unacknowledged appropriation which was particularly unfortunate on the part of a Cabinet Minister, and Leader of the House of Commons. But, with these two exceptions, I am not aware that Disraeli, in public at all events, ever justified his old schoolfellow's indictment, though straightforwardness could not certainly be called one of his strong points.

In the ordinary sense he was no lover of Society, but to the end, even in his second Premiership, with the accessories of an earldom and the Garter, he retained that marked veneration for rank and opulence which is more or less pronounced in all his novels. Possibly this was less the foible of a *parvenu* than a tribute to two all-important elements in the great political game. This trait, coupled with an Eastern proclivity for paying exaggerated compliments, gained him a reputation for servility which he was far from really deserving. Women, especially pretty ones, he thought fit to address in the most inflated style of flattery, of which a great and very beautiful lady once related to a friend of mine the following instance: On some occasion she happened to sit next to Lord Beaconsfield at dinner, and on raising her wine-glass to her lips was much disconcerted by the marked and deliberate manner in which he riveted his gaze on her lifted arm,—a feeling of embarrassment which developed into one very much akin to disgust, when a sepulchral voice murmured in her ear, "Canova!" The compliment was, probably, of the type which he had found particularly welcome in the saloons of Lady Blessington, but to a beauty of fastidious refinement it is not surprising that such "floridity" was far from palatable.

With intellectual women he had, apparently, not much sympathy; in fact the feminine society he most affected was that of ladies more distinguished for rank than for talent. A dowager of this order who knew him well, and was discussing him with me after his death, gave a curious example of what she called his "funny sayings." It appears that he happened to mention in the course of an afternoon call that there were two possessions which every one owned as a matter of course, but which he had all his life dispensed with, and insisted that the old Countess should guess what they were. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me, he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella! 'But how do manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the Park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet!' "

On one occasion this habit of exaggerated adulation led to so bold an attempt by the fair recipient to turn it to her advantage that he was driven to save the situation in a way that was very far from being appreciated. The charmer, a young lady of "advanced views," finding the great man

so exceedingly profuse in his attentions, thought it an excellent opportunity for making him a convert to her Utopian ideals, which were of the most daringly democratic order. After a long recitation of her *propaganda*, she wound up with a fervid appeal to the Prime Minister to immortalize himself by espousing her ingenious panacea for remedying the wrongs of humanity!

As she finished her impassioned harangue with flushed cheeks and a flashing eye, Disraeli, who had been silently watching her with apparently the profoundest sympathy and admiration, suddenly dropped his eyeglass and softly murmured, "Oh, you darling!" "If it had been at dinner," she afterwards declared, "and I had had a knife, I would have stabbed him!"

It is curious to note how completely Disraeli and Gladstone had reversed their original positions at the close of their respective political careers. In 1832 when Gladstone passed from the best set at Christ Church into the House of Commons, as the nominee of a Tory duke, Disraeli was little better than a needy literary adventurer, rubbing elbows with dingy journalists and tawdry dandies, and apparently as remote from the charmed circle to which Gladstone had gained easy admittance as he was from the North Pole! And so things continued for over forty years, Gladstone always the political good boy, petted and irreproachable, and Disraeli the scape-grace, shunned and suspected even when accepted on sufferance. But the whirligig of time brought about a strange revolution. From 1874 Gladstone began steadily to decline in the estimation of the classes who had theretofore set him on high, while Disraeli, the former pariah and suspect, gradually acquired over them an ascendancy and influence such as no English Minister had ever before enjoyed,—surely a superb consolation for all the slights and indignities of his early years!

The mention of Mr. Gladstone's first entrance into Parliament reminds me of a very interesting conversation I once had with a political Nestor who had left Eton before Gladstone went there! I met him in the spring of 1886, when Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was engrossing the attention of the country. I happened to be going up to town from some place in Sussex, and on the train stopping at Pulborough, a very old and ill-dressed individual, carrying a small, shabby-looking hand-bag, entered, or rather attempted to enter, the carriage. Perceiving that he had much difficulty in making the ascent from the platform I gave him a helping hand, an attention which he very courteously acknowledged, and then sank down exhausted in the corner opposite. A rapid survey suggested that he was either a broken-down country lawyer or land-agent, and I resumed my newspaper with a mental resolution not to encourage conversation. At the other end of the carriage two passengers were intently discussing the Home Rule Bill, a parley which seemed somewhat to irritate the old gentleman, for he quavered out to me in a weary tone, "I'm rather tired of this question; aren't you, sir?" On my giving a discouraging assent, drawing himself up and heightening his voice, he continued, "Yes! I have lived in rather different times!" "Indeed," I rejoined, still indifferently. "Yes," he proceeded, leaning forward and speaking with impressive deliberation; "I have sat in the House of Commons with Mr. Canning!" It was like a voice from the grave! In the House with Canning! That meant a leap back of sixty years, at least, into the Pre-Reform and Pre-Railroad days! Of a truth this was a fellow-traveller to be cultivated, and for the only time in my life I rejoiced

in the snail-like progress of an L., B., and S. C. Railway train! It turned out that my companion was a certain Welsh baronet, whose father had represented a Welsh county in the 'Twenties. Sir H. (as I will call him) had barely taken his degree in 1826 when his father insisted that he should stand for the borough of his county, which he practically controlled. Sir H. at that time had no wish to enter Parliament, but his father's will was law and he was duly returned. Lord Liverpool was then Prime Minister, and Mr. Canning Foreign Secretary, and Leader of the House of Commons. "Well," I said, "you must, of course, have heard Canning speak; what impression did he make on you?" "I had heard," replied Sir H., "great accounts of Canning's eloquence, which I thought was probably overrated, but when I heard him I altered my opinion. I have heard all the most famous Parliamentary speakers since, but none ever came near him. He was unique; his eloquence was like that one associates with the old Greek and Roman orators." I then asked him who in his opinion was the most eloquent House of Commons speaker after Canning. "I shall probably," he answered, "name a man you have never even heard of: Daniel Whittle Harvey, who entered the House after the Reform Bill in the Liberal interest. He was an attorney with a third-rate practice, and not too much character, but for sheer eloquence I never heard him surpassed except, of course, by Mr. Canning, and, as I have told you, I have heard all the greatest speakers of my day. Harvey," he continued, "did excellent service to Lord Melbourne's rickety Administration, for which he confidently expected to be rewarded with a fat place; but good thing after good thing fell to the disposal of the Government and he was persistently left out in the cold. The truth is, his character was so shady that the Government dared not give him a place. At last a small office, an assistant commissionership of police, worth only a few hundreds a-year, became vacant, and even that was not offered to Harvey. This was the last straw: foaming with rage, he rushed to Downing Street, and insisted on seeing Lord Melbourne. 'My Lord,' he burst out, 'I have come to complain of the atrociously shabby way in which I have been treated by your Government. Here have I, night after night, been speaking in your support when all your other adherents have sat dumb, and though I don't want to boast, tided you over many an awkward moment; yet, though all sorts of good places have fallen vacant, not one has been offered me! And finally,' he added with a climax of indignation, 'a wretched little commissionership of police, hardly worth £500 a-year, becomes vacant, and you don't even offer me that! It is outrageous!' 'My dear Harvey,' replied Lord Melbourne with a propitiatory smile, 'I don't say that you haven't cause to complain, but with regard to that little police appointment you really do me an injustice. As a matter of fact, I had made up my mind to offer it to you, but on sounding the three other commissioners, I found that the damned fellows refused point-blank to sit with you!' Harvey troubled Melbourne very little after that, as you may suppose: however, he got some trifling post at last, I believe, though not without great difficulty.

Sir H. was very amusing about the Spartan experiences of his Eton days. "We had no greatcoats then, and no umbrellas. I have ridden up from Wales to London after the winter holidays in a thin jacket through the bitterest frost and snow, but it never did me any harm. Things," he continued, "are made far too easy and luxurious

at Eton nowadays. Why, last summer I and two friends, also old Etonians, went down one afternoon to see the cricket, and would you believe it, the only individuals in the playing-fields not seated on rugs were we three old fellows of over eighty!"

The latter part of the journey, though not a whit less interesting, became a trifle embarrassing: the two political chatterers had got out, and were replaced by a couple of old spinster-like ladies equipped with serious literature and economical creature comforts. To my horror, in spite of their presence, the old Baronet embarked on the recitation of various epigrams, more piquant than respectable, of his early days! At first he spoke low, but warming to his subjects, he gradually raised his voice, and it was only by the train reaching Victoria that the old ladies were spared the shock of a couplet quite as flagrant as any of the immortal Captain Morris! I never saw my old fellow-traveller again. I heard, however, that when we met he had just got through the last of three fortunes, and was rusticating in some small country cottage in the heart of Sussex, apparently minding his adversity as little as he did the arduousness of his school days! So far as I could ascertain, he had sat in the House of Commons almost continuously from 1826 till 1868, losing his seat in the general election of that year, after which he finally relinquished parliamentary life.

Sir H. was the only Pre-Reform day M.P. I had an opportunity of conversing with, though I think Lord Henry Bentinck, who was officiating for the last time as Master of the Burton Hounds on my first day out hunting, must have certainly sat in the later 'Twenties. I remember him well, for he was strikingly handsome and patrician-looking, far more so than his more famous brother, Lord George, whom he also excelled intellectually, having taken a First, if not a Double First Class at Oxford, a feat of which Lord George was certainly incapable. Lord Henry was a consummate whist-player, which naturally made him extremely impatient of less gifted partners. On one occasion he was invited to Lord Jersey's at Middleton to meet some of the best whist-players in the county. After the first game, Lord Henry turned round to his hostess, who was sitting near, and said, "This is a very pretty game, Lady Jersey; what do you call it?"

This Lady Jersey (the Lady St. Julians of Disraeli's novel) survived till 1868 or 1869, having occupied for some years the large house in Berkeley Square which has since been replaced by Lord Rosebery's not too sightly red-brick mansion. Her recollections must have been supremely interesting, for she was married the year before Trafalgar, and was one of the great ladies of the Regency often alluded to by Lord Byron. I knew a neighbor of hers who lived in a small adjoining house, on the Mount Street Side of Berkeley Square, and was much given to musical parties. At one of these, on a hot summer's afternoon which necessitated open windows, the strains of my hostess's classical music were suddenly intruded upon by those of a hurdy-gurdy stationed under Lady Jersey's balcony. After enduring it for some time, my hostess sent out a servant to direct the organ-grinder to move on, but he refused to stir, alleging that he had been hired by Lady Jersey to amuse some children whom she was entertaining at tea. After another ten minutes of interruption and torture, my hostess indited a polite note to Lady Jersey (whom she did not know) requesting that the organ might be sent away, as she had a musical party; but all the satisfaction she obtained was a message from Lady Jersey, through a footman, that when

"they stopped their fiddling she would stop her hurdy-gurdy"! the result being another hour's hideous discord, in which Chopin strove unsuccessfully to extinguish "Champagne Charley"!

But to return to Lord Henry Bentinck. He was, I believe, the originator of the famous retort to the Radical farmer which has been attributed to various other electioneers. Lord Henry, so I have always understood on the best authority, was canvassing North or South Nottinghamshire in the Tory interest, and in due course solicited a large farmer, whose politics were supposed to be somewhat undecided, for his vote and interest. "Vote for you, my lord," replied the farmer, who had, unknown to the candidate, a day or two before cast in his lot with the Radicals; "I would sooner vote for the Davil!" "But," replied Lord Henry suavely, "in the event of your friend not standing?" This anecdote reminds me of another to which his satanic majesty also contributed the salient point. In the course of a trial of an action for slander, the plaintiff was asked by the examining counsel what the defendant had said to him at a certain juneture. "He told me to go to the Devil," replied the witness. "Oh, he told you to go to the Devil, did he?" resumed the counsel; "and what did you do then?" "I went to Mr. Tompkins," replied the witness, naming a leading local practitioner.

Lord Henry Bentinck and hunting remind me of a curious sight which an old friend of mine once witnessed when out, I think, with the Belvoir Hounds. This was a horseman whose seat was only less remarkable than his attire, which suggested a compromise between the costume of a Fontainebleau sportsman and that of a circus equestrian. On closer inspection the eccentric Nimrod proved to be no other than Mr. Disraeli, who apparently had joined the chase out of compliment to the Tory sportsmen of the district.

It is a curious fact that in this eminently sporting country we have had no Prime Minister who regularly rode to hounds since Lord Palmerston, and in the nineteenth century none before him except the Duke of Wellington, who, however, was decidedly Palmerston's inferior across country. Prior to the Duke of Wellington we have to go back as far as the "Junius" Duke of Grafton for a hunting Prime Minister, unless Lord Rockingham, who came very little later, can be placed in that category. Palmerston, again, was the only Prime Minister of the nineteenth century who was really devoted to shooting, though the Duke of Wellington always carried a gun in the shooting season as punctiliously as he followed the hounds. Mr. Fox was, I think, the last Minister before Lord Palmerston's day who thoroughly enjoyed shooting, and he, of course, was never actually Prime Minister though the leading spirit of the Cabinet. I recently saw a print of Fox in shooting costume, a most extraordinary figure with a chimney-pot hat of which the brim on one side drooped like the ear of a tame rabbit! But it would be dangerous to take the attire of Mr. Fox as representing that of the period, for except in his first youth, he was always a slovenly dresser. A lady of my acquaintance told me that a great-aunt of hers had been present, as a girl, at the trial of Warren Hastings, and when pressed by my friend to give her impression of the scene, after considerable hesitation, she vouchsafed that all she could distinctly remember was the extremely shabby pair of brown cotton gloves worn by Mr. Fox, the fingers of which were far too long for him! This is my only link with Mr. Fox; but I can boast one, though of a different kind, with Mr. Pitt, for a friend of mine at whose house I often

dine possesses his easy-chair, or, as it was called in those days, *chaise longue*, and she is also the owner of an even more interesting relic, namely, the sofa that belonged to the great Lord Chatham! On both these historic articles of furniture I have ventured to repose, though never without a feeling that I was guilty of sacrilege! Their pedigree is unimpeachable, for they were bought by my friend at the sale of the late Miss Perceval's effects a year or two ago. This Miss Perceval was the last surviving child of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, who was assassinated in 1812. On the death of Mr. Pitt in 1806, Lord Henry Petty, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, went into residence at Downing Street, and took over all Mr. Pitt's belongings there, which included the sofa and chair already mentioned. In 1807, on the Whig Ministry going out, and, of course, Lord Henry Petty with them, Mr. Perceval became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and took over the Downing Street furniture which still included the Pitt belongings. On Perceval's death the sofa and chair passed to his widow, from whom they eventually devolved to the daughter who recently died. Miss Perceval, who was over ninety at her death, could remember seeing George III. on the Terrace at Windsor. I was not acquainted with her, but I knew her niece, another Miss Perceval, very well, and she informed me not long ago that her mother, who was a Drummond, had sat on George III.'s knee on some occasion when the King rode over from old George Rose's at Lyndhurst to Mr. Drummond's place, Cadlands, on the Southampton Water. The child, who was then little more than a baby, instead of appreciating the honor, burst into a violent fit of crying, and was relegated in disgrace to the nursery. The good-natured King insisted, however, on her having another chance; but the little girl was obdurate, and emphatically declined to re-enter the drawing-room till "the man in the leather breeches had gone"!

I have another association with Spencer Perceval in the person of an old gentleman, a relative of mine by marriage, with whom I dined in 1885 when he was past ninety. He had received his commission in the army as far back as 1811, and was spending his leave at Ealing in the following year, when the news reached the village, where Perceval had a country house, that the Prime Minister had been assassinated. My old friend told me that when he joined the army in 1811 pigtails were still worn, though they were shortly afterwards discontinued. His first station was in one of the Channel Islands,—I think Alderney,—and his orders were to keep a look out for the French, with whom we were then, of course, actively at war, and in case of danger, to give the alarm by ordering the island beacons to be lit. After the boy, for he was only sixteen, had been there a few days, the sergeant of the depot, a man who had been on duty in the island for a considerable time, rushed in with the news "that the French were on them!" The young ensign felt very uncomfortable, as he knew that if he gave a false alarm the consequences to him might be very unpleasant, if not serious. The sergeant, however, was confident that the intelligence he had given was correct, and consequently, with no little trepidation, the ensign ordered the lighting of the beacons. But his misgivings were only too well-founded: the alarm proved to be a false one, and he was very severely reprimanded. He told me that the most miserable moment in his life was when he missed the chance of being present at the battle of Waterloo. A detachment of his regiment, then at Colchester, was ordered to join the Duke of Wellington's army, with, of course, only a proportionate

number of subalterns, and so keen were they all to go, that after mess they began to quarrel as to who should have the preference. "The colonel, however," said my old friend, "came up, and patting us paternally on the head, settled the matter by saying, 'Come, my lads, there's no need to quarrel about it, you can't all go, and the only way to settle it is to draw lots,' which we did, and I, to my eternal chagrin, was one of those who drew a blank!" He well remembered an inspection of the regiment by the Duke of York, who good-naturedly patted him on the head, and promised to make a captain of him; "but," continued the old Major (for that was the highest grade he ever attained), "like many royal promises of that day, it was never fulfilled."

Although my old friend had not been at Waterloo, I knew one artillery officer who had been present; and as a child I sat in the adjoining pew at church to an old general, Sir Henry Murray, who had led the 18th Light Dragoons in the cavalry charge at the battle. I was asked too, some quarter of a century ago, to meet Lord William Lennox, who had been on the Duke's staff, though I was unable to accept the invitation; but by way of compensation, I have sat opposite at lunch to Lady Louisa Tighe, who was actually present at the famous ball, and fastened on the Duke's sword before he left for the field. A very curious incident is connected with Lady Louisa and that particular luncheon. She was accompanied by her husband, Colonel Tighe of Woodstock, Kilkenny, a distinguished-looking old gentleman, who, I particularly noticed, was wearing a rather Bohemian-looking velvet coat and a peculiar light-blue bird's-eye neckcloth, every one else being in strict London costume. I never saw either Lady Louisa or Colonel Tighe again, but many years afterwards I was asked to meet a lady who was said to have had various psychical experiences concerning which I was anxious to hear. After a tantalizing account of a haunted room, in which she heard but refused to look upon the notorious Jack Wilkes, she proceeded to tell me her latest experience, which she said had occurred during a visit to some friend (a lady) in Ireland by whom she was taken to call at a neighboring "great house" which belonged to a widow lady, whose name she did not give. On entering the house they were conducted by the servant through a suite of rooms on the ground-floor, in in the first of which my informant noticed an old gentleman reading a newspaper. He took no notice of them, and they passed on to a drawing-room at the other end, where they paid their call on the old lady, and in due course took their departure. As they passed through the first room again, my informant looked for the old gentleman, but he was gone. When they reached the drive my informant asked her friend who the old gentleman was who had been reading in the first room as they entered. "What old gentleman?" said her friend; "I saw none." "Oh, but there was certainly an old gentleman there," rejoined my informant; "I distinctly saw him reading a newspaper." "What was he like?" inquired her friend, thoroughly mystified. "Well," said my informant, "he was dressed rather peculiarly, for he was wearing a black velveteen coat and a very bright blue neckcloth with white spots——" "Was that," I suddenly interrupted, "by any chance a Colonel Tighe?" "What made you ask?" said my informant. I then explained how I had once, very many years ago, seen Colonel Tighe in that very attire. "Well," said my informant, "it was not Colonel Tighe, for he had died the year before, but it was his apparition; for my friend, on hearing my descrip-

tion, immediately recognized it as the Colonel, who before his death had promised Lady Louisa that, if possible, he would revisit her!" Lady Louisa died, a centenarian, only a couple of years ago.

Another interesting military veteran of my acquaintance was an old ex-Grenadier Guardsman of the rank and file, who long before I knew him had found his way back to his old hamlet and exchanged his uniform for the now, alas! rapidly disappearing smock-frock. He was a strikingly handsome and intelligent old fellow who had begun life as a "parish boy," in which capacity he was "bid for" by the neighboring farmers, as a so-called "'prentice," but virtually as a servitor, a position which he relinquished as soon as his time expired in order to join the colors. He told me that he had formed one of the guard of honor on the accession of William IV., who was apparently never tired of inspecting the Guards when stationed at Windsor, greatly to the discomfiture of the commanding officers. One incident which he related supplied an emphatic corroboration of the character of William IV. gained from Charles Greville and others for undignified buffoonery. It appears that the King had insisted on joining the Duke of Wellington on some occasion when the latter was making an official inspection, an honor which the Duke was evidently far from appreciating. One or two places from my old friend was a private with a nose very much resembling the Duke's in shape, which so tickled his Majesty that, falling behind the Duke, he proceeded with a wink to stroke his own nose and to point first at the private's and then at the Duke's, all the while smothering a guffaw! Not content with this undignified exhibition, after asking the name of the adjoining private, and learning that it was William King, he exclaimed with a chuckle, "Ah, then, there's not much difference between us, eh, my man? You're William King, and I'm King William! Ha! ha! ha!" No wonder that the Duke looked "mighty sour," as the old fellow expressed it.

Like many others, especially Harrovians, I have always been deeply interested in everything connected with Lord Byron. My first association with him dates from my childhood, when one day, as I was walking with my father along Bond Street, at the Grafton Street crossing, a slight-looking, rather decrepit old gentleman slowly passed us in the direction of Piccadilly. "Did you see that old gentleman?" said my father. "That was Lord Broughton, the great friend of Lord Byron." There was very little of the democratic Hobhouse about him in those days. As is usually the case with youthful apostles of Liberty, office had cured him, and committing to oblivion his early political escapades, and their climax in Newgate, he had manœuvred his way into the Painted Chamber under the imposing title of Lord Broughton de Gyfford! How Byron would have laughed and sneered at his old crony's *volte face!*

My next link with Lord Byron was at Harrow, where in the early "'Sixties" there still survived a funny little old vendor of cheap stationery, named Polly Arnold, who as a girl remembered Byron in his Harrow days, though she could give no distinct impression of him. A little later on I met an old gentleman who had been at Harrow with him, and who remembered meeting him some years afterwards at Brighton, when Byron, then on the verge of his matrimonial troubles, congratulated him in somewhat equivocal terms on his recent marriage!

So far as I have been able to gather, Byron at Harrow was very much what he was in after-life, a creature of moods and whims and impulses; one

day overbearing and tyrannical, the next almost quixotically good-natured and chivalrous. The actual cause of his separation from Lady Byron is still a secret, but I suspect that the revelation, if it is ever made, will be of a comparatively hum-drum character. Considering the essentially matter-of-fact temperament of Lady Byron, and the fact that Byron was unquestionably "un farfaron des vices qu'il n'avait pas,"—one who in certain moods would, out of mere bravado and a saturnine delight in shocking commonplace decorum, boast of achievements and practices of which he was really quite guiltless,—the cause, after all, is not very far to seek. His highly-seasoned fabrications were probably accepted by the serious and unimaginative Lady Byron as literal confessions of fact, and when reported by her to the no less serious and unimaginative Dr. Lushington, were, no doubt, treated by him in the same spirit, the result being the solemn legal opinion that Byron was a monster of iniquity, with a touch of madness thrown in, from whom she must at once irrevocably decide to separate. As a matter of fact, Byron was no worse, and in many instances a good deal better, than several of the noblemen of that day; but his genius, his eccentricity, his emotional, paradoxical temperament, all tended to place him, so to speak, under the public magnifying glass, an ordeal to which discreeter and more commonplace offenders were never subjected.

I have lately heard from one who knew a good deal "behind the scenes" in connection with Lord Byron, that at the time of his death certain of his intimate friends strongly suspected that he had expedited his end. Certainly I know, from a statement of his own in an unpublished letter, that a year or two before he had not only contemplated but actually made his preparations for suicide, and the disappointing turn which events in Greece were rapidly taking lend some color to the suspicion above alluded to. He had staked all on this final throw of the Greek campaign, and the likelihood of its proving a fiasco would be quite strong enough an inducement for him to precipitate "the shuffling off of a mortal coil" which had, on the whole, brought him little more than vanity and vexation of spirit.

Before leaving the subject of Lord Byron, I cannot refrain from saying a word relative to the famous (and infamous) charge made against him by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, which, like all such charges, however ill-founded, has been in many quarters only too implicitly credited. If Lady Byron, as stated by Mrs. Stowe, separated from Byron on account of his relations with Mrs. Leigh, how was it that for nearly fifteen years after the separation Lady Byron remained on the most affectionate terms with that lady? The objection is insuperable, and absolutely fatal to Mrs. Stowe's case. There were, doubtless, serious rumors afloat concerning Byron and Mrs. Leigh—indeed I am aware that they were credited by certain well-known personages of that day; but it is probable that they originated from the fact of Byron having written "Manfred," though, if he had been guilty of the conduct alleged against him, it is extremely unlikely that he would have allowed the publication of the poem. If Lady Byron did confide this highly improbable story to Mrs. Stowe, it could not, for the reason already stated, have been connected in any way with the separation, and was probably merely related by Lady Byron as having come to her ears long afterwards, though Mrs. Stowe, with characteristic recklessness, subsequently placed it in a wholly different aspect. If Lord Byron sinned much, he assuredly suffered in proportion, and it is monstrous that his mem-

ory should be blackened with a charge wholly unsupported by anything worthy the name of evidence, which in a court of law would have earned for the accuser the most unsparing condemnation.

From Byron to Shelley is a natural transition, though my "links" with Shelley are comparatively few. I had, however, the good fortune to be slightly acquainted with the late Sir Percy Shelley, his only son, to whose house on the Chelsea Embankment I remember paying what, for me, was a memorable visit. I was accompanying my mother, whose call was really on Lady Shelley, a gifted woman, greatly wrapped up in all that appertained to her illustrious father-in-law, and I had not expected to see Sir Percy, who was not in the room when I arrived. As we were talking with Lady Shelley about the new Life of the poet on which Mr. Dowden was then engaged, the door opened, and there entered a little red-faced man with red "ferrety" eyes, and altogether a rather insignificant appearance. He was poising in his hand a small parcel, which he extended towards Lady Shelley, exclaiming rather irritably, "You told me this was twopence, but I find it's overweight." Lady Shelley, however, diverted him from his postal grievance by introducing us, a ceremony which he seemed far from disposed to follow up by conversation. However, by way of breaking the ice, I fortunately bethought myself that I had only a week or two before driven past "Field Place," near Horsham, where his father, the poet, was born. I accordingly mentioned the fact, expressing my deep interest in seeing it. "Ah yes," responded Sir Percy, still resentfully poising the offending parcel, "it's not a bad place, *but the worst of it is, I can't let it!*" This was a "douche" with a vengeance from the poet's own offspring, and I immediately concluded, and I think rightly, that Sir Percy had harked back to Sir Timothy with possibly just a *soupçon* of old Sir Bysshe, and come into the world minus a grain of intellectual affinity with his marvellous father, and, for that matter, with his only less marvellous mother. Shortly after this episode we made a pilgrimage to the Shelley room to see the relics, Sir Percy following slightly in the rear, but punctiliously and almost reverentially joining in the inspection. Lady Shelley afterwards explained that Sir Percy never failed to accompany visitors in their inspection of the relics, though he had, of course, seen them hundreds of times, and that his affection and veneration for his mother were such that he seldom spoke of her without tears in his eyes. He had therefore, at any rate, the deepest affinity of all—that of the heart. Subsequently I went more than once to Sir Percy's charming theatre in Tite Street, for which he always painted the scenery, and with fair success, though his acting was not above that of the average amateur. His ownership of this theatre, and indeed his occupation of Shelley House, were abruptly terminated owing to an untoward incident for which the spitefulness of the late Mr. Slingsby Bethell was responsible. Slingsby Bethell, who was a neighbor and an acquaintance of the Shelleys, had been invited to take part in various representations which Sir Percy had organized in his theatre from time to time, but when arranging for an important charity performance at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were to be present, for some reason or other he was not asked to join. This incensed him so bitterly that, finding out that by some oversight Sir Percy had not taken out a licence for the performance, in respect of which admission-money was to be payable, he with incredible meanness gave information of the omission to the authori-

ties, who issued summonses at the Westminster Police Court against Sir Percy Shelley as proprietor, Mr. Hamilton Aidé as author of the play to be performed, and Mr. Horace Wigan as stage-manager. It had been Bethell's intention to stop the performance altogether, but having regard to the fact that it was in aid of charity, and that the Prince and Princess of Wales were to attend, the magistrate consented to postpone the hearing of the summonses till after the performance. Bethell was thus for the moment frustrated; but his malignity was eventually gratified, for on the hearing of the summonses, all three defendants were convicted and fined, an event which, together with the attendant circumstances, so disgusted Sir Percy that shortly afterwards he gave up his residence, and with it the theatre.

Only inferior in interest to the Byron Letters are the recently published editions of Charles Lamb's Works and Correspondence, which, however, exhaustive as they are, do not contain one delicious saying of Lamb's that is, I believe, very little known. Among the lesser luminaries of the Northern Circuit, when Pollock and Brougham were the bright particular stars, was Samuel Warren, afterwards famous as the author of "Ten Thousand a-Year," in which, by the way, he gives a "drypoint" portrait of Brougham, under the name, I think, of Counsellor Quicksilver. One of Warren's friends on circuit was a barrister who afterwards took Orders, and became the most popular preacher at a Midland watering-place. Though no longer connected with the Bar, this gentleman still maintained his friendship with Warren, who used occasionally to visit him and dilate with pardonable pride on the grandees to whose tables his fame as an author had gained him admission, and on the celebrities he used to meet there. On one of these occasions his host asked Warren whether he had ever chanced to come across Charles Lamb, to which Warren replied that he had once met him at breakfast at Lord Lyndhurst's." "Did he say anything good?" inquired the host. "Not that I remember," answered Warren. "Very odd," rejoined the host. "Surely he must have said something worth recalling?" "Well," responded Warren after a pause, "now I come to think of it, he did say something, though I don't know that it's worth repeating." "Never mind," was the answer, "let us hear what it was." "Well," resumed Warren, "I had been telling some story in French, it was a really good story, but somehow it didn't come off, probably because the French wasn't quite up to the mark, so when nobody laughed, by way of getting over the failure, turning to Lamb, who was sitting next me, I added carelessly, "Not that I know much French—for a gentleman!" "Ah," expectantly exclaimed the host, prepared for a treat, "and what happened then?" "Well," answered Warren, "there's very little in it, but when I said that I didn't know much French for a gentleman, Lamb, who hadn't uttered a word the whole of breakfast, suddenly stuttered out 'Nor—nor—I—I—for a—a—b—b—blackg—uard!'"

My closing remarks shall be devoted to what may be described as the transfiguration of London during the last half century. London, as I first remember it, was as inferior in many ways to its modern representative as the latter still is to Paris and Vienna. It was probably at that time the dullest and dingiest metropolis in the world, though even now in the matter of lighting it is far behind even some of our great provincial towns. My earliest acquaintance with its street life dates from an eventful day when I was taken by my nurse to see the Duke of Wellington lying in state, of which spec-

tacle I can only remember, and that dimly, the great black velvet pall and the colossal tapers. But shortly afterwards my eldest sister and I were taken for an almost daily walk in the principal West End thoroughfares, the characteristics of which I can well recollect. The first thing that struck and not unnaturally terrified me was the utter chaos of the crossings. There was no regularly told-off policeman to regulate the traffic and protect the timid and inexperienced pedestrian in those days, and the process of reaching the opposite side of Regent Street was unpleasantly like a panic-stricken stampede! If a policeman did intervent it was only by accident, and "merely to oblige," the force being then at the height of its renown for that "conspicuity of absence" with which it has always been more or less identified, though of late years with much less foundation. The policeman of that day was in appearance a fearful and wonderful being. His headgear was a "chimney-pot" hat of sham beaver, decorated with strips of very shiny leather; while instead of a tunic he wore a swallow-tail garment cut like a dress-coat, set off in the summer by white-duck "continuations." Facially, he was either clean-shaven or decorated with mutton-chop whiskers, and his aspect when mounted, and at exercise, flashing a sword, was singularly comic and incongruous.

The "growlers" were also of a decidedly archaic type, externally minus springs, and internally liberally strewn with dirty and trampled straw, which emitted a faint sickly odor that had often a peculiarly nauseating effect. On all the panels were emblazoned in the boldest style and the crudest coloring the Royal Arms; while the "jarvies" themselves were for the most part bottle-nosed ruffians, who regarded any remuneration short of a double fare as an insult, and became positively murderous in looks as well as in language if tendered the then legal minimum of sixpence! The omnibuses were also of a very inferior description, carpeted like the "growlers," with malodorous straw and fitted with greasy cushions that boasted their own particular "bouquet." There were, I think, very few omnibus fares under sixpence, and the vehicles were, as a rule, wretchedly under-horsed.

As regards the streets, many were even then laid with paving stones, and the jolting and clatter of the vehicular traffic were appalling. I don't suppose that in those days there was a single india-rubber tyre in London, and, of course, neither asphalt nor wood pavement, so that the din was far more distracting than at present, even allowing for the enormous increase of traffic.

Perhaps the greatest change that has taken place in London since those days, or indeed a much later period, is in the matter of hotels and restaurants. Down to the early "'Sixties" there was no really large hotel in the whole of the West End of London, the "Clarendon" in Bond Street, which has now disappeared, and "Thomas's" in Berkeley Square being about the most capacious, though Claridge's in Brook Street was then, as now, perhaps the most select, being nearly always chosen as the resting place of foreign royalties. As regards West End restaurants, I think Verry's in Regent Street was then the only one of the first class, and that was seldom frequented except by foreigners unless it might be for luncheon by ladies up for the day from the country or the distant suburbs. Luncheon, dinner, and supper parties at a restaurant were then unheard-of entertainments among the upper and upper-middle classes, who would have regarded anything of the kind as shockingly Bohemian, if not something worse.

The theatres, again, even over the whole of London area, were few and far between,—down to 1860, Drury Lane, the Lyceum, the Olympic, the Haymarket, the St. James's (when open), the Adelphi, the Princess's and the Strand, eight in all, being the only ones of any vogue; whereas nowadays the number of theatres is positively bewildering. The opera, however, was a far more splendid affair than at present, "Her Majesty's" attracting audiences little less brilliant than Covent Garden; but of course that was the epoch of transcendently fine singers, all of whom made London their headquarters for the whole of the season.

The Park has vastly improved in appearance since the early "'Sixties," when I think there was not a single flower to be seen the whole year round between the Marble Arch and Hyde Park corner! But in other respects it has not altered for the better. The earlier morning ride may be more sensible in the summer months, but it is far less brilliant than its predecessor, which extended from 12 to 1; while the discontinuance of the evening ride (5 to 7.30), with its wonderful medley of prominent statesmen, prelates, ambassadors, and dandies, set off by some of the most beautiful women that have ever graced the country, is little short of a calamity. That, too, was still the day of full-dress riding costume—tall hats, single-breasted cut-away coats, and, mostly, tight-fitting dark blue "strapped" trousers, finished off by superlatively polished black boots; while any lady equestrian who had ventured to discard the natty little tall hat for a "billycock," and the perfectly close-fitting habit for a "sack" covert-coat, would have been regarded as the acme of "bad form."

I shall doubtless be accounted a mere "laudator temporis acti" when I adventure the opinion that in London, at all events, there was far more beauty among women and far more distinction of appearance (to say nothing of good looks) among men than are to be met with in the present day. Every woman in those days, so far from being, as now, a slavish imitator, seemed to have a distinctive charm and *cachet* of her own; and, above all, it had happily not become *de rigueur* to torture a naturally sweet and gentle voice into the shrill "tinny" sort of "clack" which nowadays renders the Row only a degree less distracting than the Zoological Gardens parrot-house! The Lawns, now crammed on Sundays like the Epsom Downs on a Derby day, were then entirely unfrequented, the fashionable parade on Sundays till the early "'Seventies" being the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, from 4 to 7. So far as I recollect, the Park was virtually deserted by Society on Sundays, who repaired to the "Botanical" and the "Zoo" (by ticket) when preferring a more exclusive resort than the Gardens.

In the matter of Society, strictly so-called, the present indiscriminate jumble of patricians and plutocrats was almost unknown, at all events before the later "'Seventies." The "Haute Juiverie" were still in a sense beyond the pale, and the bare idea of one of them being honored with an English peerage would forty years ago have caused little short of a revolution among the *vieille noblesse*. These democratic changes may be salutary, but they have certainly not added to the prestige of the Painted Chamber, which bids fair before very long to become a Chamber of Commerce, and that not of the highest order!

These desultory pages must now be brought to a close. It is perhaps audacious in one whose span of life falls short of sixty years to place his recollections and experiences before the public, but it is not always old age

that proves the most interesting recorder. In the course of little more than half a century of a by no means eventful life I have chanced to come into contact with persons and events of some importance and interest, and I question whether many of the same age can claim, as I can, to have known a man who had talked to a survivor of the Jacobite campaign of 1745, to have spoken to another who had witnessed Nelson's funeral, to have dined opposite a third who had been in the Copenhagen expedition of 1807, and to have met at luncheon a lady who was present at the famous Brussels ball that preceded the battle of Waterloo. At the same time I am well aware that for the small and privileged class who, so to speak, were born and bred behind the scenes, "jottings" of this description can have little interest. To such, however, they are not addressed, but rather to the less initiated yet intelligent majority, who may possibly derive from them, if not instruction, at least some trifling entertainment.

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Blackwood's Magazine.

TAURUS INTERVENES.

Hookby, the County Court Bailiff, came to the village eagerly that July morning. He was after Nick Peel, commonly called, by fine irony, "The Novice," and should he lay hands on that well-known local character the county gaol would probably have one more inmate by night. For Hookby had a warrant for the arrest of Nicholas Peel, laborer.

As usual with Peel it was a claim for debt, pushed unusually. But county court orders that hardened sinner scoffed at, and an execution always found the hut of a cottage where he spent his few indoor hours with nothing in it worth the seizure. So this irate creditor had decided on Peel's person. And Hookby, besides having a natural or acquired delight in his profession, took a very special interest in Peel. Of late Peel had given him much trouble in serving his summonses, and had received them at last with galling and sarcastic truths relative to Hookby. So Hookby, who was a short, stocky man, with a red blob of a nose stuck in the middle of a very freckled face that had a bristly border of flaming whisker round it, and who generally wore a scarlet kerchief encircling his bull neck and carried a short crook-ended stick in his fist, took a pair of handcuffs and one companion, and came willingly. The companion was a pale, spectacled fellow who looked on the affair as a joke at first.

But Peel proved more elusive than the eels he caught in June, or the hares he snared in October. As soon as Hookby and his helper reached one end of the village they heard of Peel at the other. And the village may have a mere hundred houses but it embraces several thousand acres.

The two myrmidons, as a matter of form, had come straight from the station to Peel's cottage. This they found unlocked; one dirty cup and saucer and one ditto plate on the deal table, an old bait-can which had been used as saucepan on the hob, black ashes in the grate, a cast net looped up to dry from door to door, a red cage with a fine linnet in it over the win-

dow, and a hutch containing two ferrets in the corner. But no Nicholas Peel.

Enoch Tabb, who was just hobbling back to the farm in a sleeved waistcoat and with a hedgehook over his shoulder, said Peel had gone up to Cotter's Wood. Cotter's Wood was a mile away, but after exploring the Goose and the Dun Cow, Hookby and his companion trudged thither. Beside the wood they met John Arley, who assured them they had come quite wrong. They would find the Novice at the Spotted Dog, right down below, quite the other end of the parish. For verily the Novice had drawn a shilling unexpectedly that morning, and the Spotted Dog was the house he at present used.

At the Spotted Dog no one had seen Peel. But the landlord believed he had gone over to Elby, a village some mile and a half further on, and where the feast was held that day. He wouldn't be certain, but if you asked him that was his opinion. Elby Feast; that was where the Novice was.

Just then in came Peter Sall, who said he had seen the Novice along Bell's Footpath an hour before. Bell's Footpath lay quite another way, and if Peel were there he assuredly had not gone to Elby. When Sall had spoken, George Brinn, who sat in the corner smoking, and who always knew different, declared that the Novice had gone with Jacob Free down to the allotments to help dig his potatoes. He was sure, because he had heard them talking of it overnight, and Jacob had got the empties. Then Peter, who was just as contrary, told George he ought to know better, that the Novice never *had* done any work and never *would*. Nothing but trap, and snare, and poach everything that ran, or swam, or flew.

"So many as give a dog a bad name," said the landlord reproachfully, when Peter had drunk his beer and flung off. "Now Novice ain't lazy, 'e's only good-natured. People ask 'im to buy things, an' 'e does it for the good of trade. Then when 'e don't get imposed on, 'e suffers some other way," lamented the landlord, and all the company looked at Hookby and his companion as though they were headsmen in the Middle Ages.

The two left, and met the children swarming out of school. One of the boys called "Ginger" after Hookby, and Hookby, his patience long since exhausted, chased him and cuffed him. Thereupon a mob of juveniles followed them hooting. The chastised youngster had run on ahead, crying, and presently his mother, bare-armed and red-faced, squared up to Hookby.

In the middle of the altercation ensuing Peel was seen quietly leaving the Goose, fifty yards down the street, Hookby evaded the irate matron and hurried, followed by his companion and a roar of jeers. Peel did not hurry, so Hookby, keeping him in sight, slowed down.

Peel kept straight past the Dun Cow and rounded the church leisurely. He was a loose-limbed, high-shouldered fellow, with a pitted, hard-boned face, and a black dab of a moustache over a mouth that turned down mournfully at the corners. He wore a flapping coat that looked all pockets, and dingy brown leggings laced with string, and his gait was sprawling and shambling. He turned down a grassy lane, then, presently, climbed a meadow gate and strolled across the turf.

When Hookby and his companion came to the gate they found it locked. As Hookby mounted a voice said, "I say!"

It was Enoch Tabb, over the other hedge.

"Well," said Hookby.

"You see that bull?" said Enoch,

pointing with his hedgehook. In the meadow was a white bull with large horns, and a ring in its nose on which the sun glinted. "If you go over there 'e'll be on yer," said Enoch further. "You see the gate's locked."

Hookby paused astride. The bull was looking his way interestedly. Peel dawdled a chain-measure distant, his thumbs in his waistcoat as though the meadow were his and all in it.

"Hi! hi!" shouted Hookby.

"Mornin'," answered Peel, turning and pausing.

"Come this way! I've got something for you!"

"Keep it for yourself," said Peel. "I'll make you a present of it."

"In the name of the law!" called Hookby, flourishing a blue paper.

"You bring it, then, you're paid for it. I shall 'ave to report you at 'eadquarters for laziness and failure of dooty."

Enoch grinned and Hookby swore. "I don't believe the bull's vicious," he said, getting down on the meadow side of the gate.

"Don't say you ain't bin fair warned," said Enoch. "'E knows the Novice: every crittur on 'arth knows 'im."

"You told me one lie before," said Hookby, hesitating.

"Let your mate try," counselled Enoch. "'E's younger, an' 'e's lesser in the waist an' longer in the leg. An' 'e ain't so 'igh-colored."

("I knowed 'Ookby was mighty touchy about 'is build an' 'is complexion," Enoch related afterwards. "'E grunted an' looked at 'is mate, who looked at 'is watch and said 'e should 'ave to 'urry off to catch the next train back to Dunston. Then 'Ookby called 'im names, an' marched off across the field.")

The bull came to meet Hookby, who stopped twenty yards away, doubtfully. The bull stopped too, and sniffed, and shook his head. Presently he began to paw the turf with his fore feet.

"Come back! come back!" Enoch called from the lane. "Come back!—*stiddy!*"

Hookby retired with his face to the foe. The bull just followed him, nearly to the gate.

"Good thing you didn't run," said Enoch. "'E'd 'a' bin on yer in a jiffey. I don't want to go as a witness to a Crowner's Quest."

"I'll 'ave 'im," vowed Hookby between his teeth, "if I stop 'ere for a month!"

Peel sauntered. He picked buttercups and stuck them in his coat. He walked along the fence which divided some cottage gardens from the meadow, and looked over at the potatoes. He joked with a woman or two gathering fruit. He walked round the pond, which lay some twenty yards from the fence, and pelted a rat. He surveyed the sky and studied the wind. He cocked his arms at flying pigeons as though he were aiming with a gun. At length he walked towards the far side of the meadow, and Enoch said confidently, "'E means slippin' out through Timmins's."

"You go round," said Hookby to his companion. But the other demurred, and Hookby went round along the next field alone. Then Peel came back, and Hookby came back too, fuming. "Where on earth that blessed bobby of yours is," he said, "I can't think!"

"Elby Feast," answered Enoch. "Besides, there's a big 'ouse there, with a free-'anded squire an' a good-lookin' cook."

Peel walked again through to the other side of the meadow and fairly vanished through the hedge. Hookby hastened round as before, his companion with him. Then, when the two had made the circuit, Peel rethreaded the hedge and appeared again in the meadow with his guardian bull. When

Hookby got back to the lane he was mopping his face. "I'll get 'im extra for this," he said viciously.

"It is 'ot," said Enoch. "There's Novice makin' for to sit in the shade. 'Bout dinner time I think." Enoch had bread and pork under his thumb.

"Go to the nearest pub and fetch something," said Hookby to his companion. "I'm starving."

The other went readily, but he did not return. (He had just time to catch a train back to Dunston. Afterwards he declared he had sent Hookby bread and cheese and beer by a boy, but Hookby never received it.) When Hookby realized that his companion had deserted him he raged like a madman. He stamped up and down the lane, and shook his stick, and vowed things. "Don't wear yourself, Mr. 'Ookby," Enoch advised him, "don't *wear* yourself. Now, look at the Novice."

The Novice apparently went prepared. He sat down under one of the trees, and pulled out a flat bottle and parcel wrapped in paper. He spread the paper on his legs like a table-cloth, drank at his bottle, and fell to using a pocket-knife vigorously. "You can almost 'ear 'im smack 'is lips," said Enoch to Hookby interestedly. Then Enoch heard Hookby swear.

The afternoon wore away. Nick Peel lay down in the shade and went to sleep. Not far off him the bull also lay down, between him and the lane. Hookby sat on the gate and chewed grass, and resolved audibly what he would do with Peel when he got him, and what he would tell that errant companion of his. Every now and then Enoch Tabb looked over the hedge and inquired brightly, "Well, and *'ow* are we getting on?"

News spread, and after six o'clock men came into the lane to smoke their pipes and await developments. The fence which divided gardens and meadow was fringed with heads. From lane to palings jokes and inquiries were shouted, back and forward. Hookby, who had procured something to eat and drink by means of an extra shilling bribe to a boy messenger, and who had felt temporarily better, went purple under the pricking.

"Whose bull is it?" he snapped for the fiftieth time. "I'll 'ave the owner up for keepin' a dangerous animal. An' who knows it? Somebody can manage it besides *'im!*"

He took a sovereign from his pocket and offered it to any that should fetch the bull out—or the Novice. He held it up between finger and thumb and turned slowly round with it. "Anybody?" he said. "Either the bull or the man?"

"Money first," said Peter Sall.

"No; work first," said Hookby. "There's witnesses."

Peter took off his coat and got on the gate. (A little man, Peter, but plucky.) Before he got down on the other side a woman's voice came sharp across from the gardens: "Peter! Peter *Sall! I'm* a-lookin' at yer. You keep your fingers out of 'ot pies! You set foot in that medder if you *dare!*"

Peter glanced at the sovereign, hesitated, and got back in the lane. "I ain't frit o' the bull," he said, rubbing his head, "nor yet o' the Novice, but the old woman to finish with——!"

And Peter put on his coat definitely as the female voice shrilled anew: "You do your own dirty work, Mr. Ginger-wi'-the-stick! Don't you come 'ere temptin' poor silly men to make widders o' their wives! You see this?"

A long broom was flourished over the fence vigorously. Hookby put his finger to his nose and held up the sovereign anew.

"Why," said Enoch Tabb, "if you showed the Novice 'alf that 'e'd come of 'isself. A county court summons is nought to 'im. I've 'ear 'im say

'e's 'ad enough to paper a drawin'-room."

"County court!" echoed Hookby. "Do you think I'd stop 'ere for *that?* It's 'is arrest; an' if 'e resists I should call on you all to aid an' assist."

"I shou'n't wonder," said Enoch, turning to the group thoughtfully, "but what Novice 'as *told* that crittur. *That* accounts. Don't you go a-nigh 'im, Mr. 'Ookby; Novice is 'is pertickler friend. You *might* call; we're all family men; and that bull would charge a full regiment o' Prooshians, 'e would. I warn yer now, serious. Go back 'ome and say your thankful prayers."

Hookby's lips moved then and there. He was glaring across the meadow. The bull grazed; the Novice smoked his pipe. High overhead the crows flew homeward. The summer day-wind had fallen; from cottage chimneys white smoke curled up slowly to the blue. The setting sun reddened tiled roofs, and longer shadows stretched from the trees. "The best time o' the day," said Enoch Tabb, leaning contentedly against the gate post. "Ah! Novice is tappin' another 'alf-ounce o' bacca, an' the bull's goin' to the pond for a drink. *Won*-derful cool that bull looks! white's such a——*What!* goin' over, Mr 'Ookby? goin' *over!* Then what-*ever* was the use o' waitin' all this while?"

Hookby had mounted the gate. His lips were set, his eyes glittered, he breathed hard. Next minute he was crossing the meadow while an intent group jostled at the gate, and a buzz of expectation rose from the garden fence. Peel knocked the pipe out on his hand and put it in his pocket.

Hookby made a *détour*, bearing to the right, well away from the bull, which stood still on the near side of the pond and followed Hookby with its eyes. Hookby got well round and past, and converged on the Novice. The latter moved towards the pond, walking. Beyond the pond was the garden fence with its edging of eager white faces and Hookby walked faster. Then the bull moved out, after Hookby, also walking.

Peel got round the pond, but he made no attempt to reach the fence, although he might have climbed it, and there were willing hands over. When Hookby came near the pond Peel stood exactly over against him on the opposite side. When Hookby stopped on the brink the bull stopped, some way out in the meadow behind him. The three were thus in a line, Hookby in the middle, with the pond between him and Peel. Behind Hookby was the bull, behind Peel was the garden fence.

"You'd better chuck it an' come, Nick," said Hookby coaxingly. I've 'ad a lot o' trouble, but if you come now I'll look over it."

"Thank ye," said Peel ironically.

"If I'm to catch you it'll be the worse for you in the long run."

"It'll be a long run," said Peel.

Hookby began to walk round the pond after Peel. Peel also walked round, away. The bull also walked round, following Hookby. From fence and lane rose a cackle of laughter. "The minute you start to run," said Peel, "'e'll run too." But Hookby ran.

"Look out behind yer!" shouted Peel.

Hookby had no need to look. An angry snort and a heavy thudding made him forget his quarry. He ran harder, hugging the verge of the pond. Peel loped half way round before him and retired from the procession. "Just to give 'em a lead," he explained as he approached the gardens. "Stick to the pond!" he shouted to Hookby. "If you try for the fence 'e'll nail you to it."

Hookby ran as for dear life. The sweat trickled off him. He panted; he agonized. His face, which had been red, went ashen, with the freckle spots showing darker. The thunder of

hoofs neared; already he could almost feel the breath of the infuriate pursuer. He yelled.

"'E's on yer!" roared the Novice. "Take to the water! it's yer only chance! Go right in!"

Hookby did. The pent, breathless excitement of the onlookers—the awe of possible tragedy imminent—broke and went in a great roar of mirth as Hookby was seen to turn short and rush into the pond as men thirsting from the desert are said to invade water before tasting it. When he was half hidden he stopped suddenly, clutching his breast with his hands.

"It's ketched 'im in the wind," explained the Novice. "'E'll be better; 'e won't faint. Duck yer 'ead!" he shouted. "Dash some water on yer face then! Stonishin' 'ow 'elpless these 'fficials are," he remarked confidentially.

The bull stopped, pawed at the bank, and then went in toward Hookby up to its knees.

"Splash about!" yelled the Novice. "Splash 'im if 'e comes a-nigh yer; an' souse 'im. You're 'is master there! I feel like a boss at a circus," he observed, charging his pipe.

The immersed Hookby set up a most desperate splashing accordingly. The bull snorted and retreated to the bank, where he remained pawing and pacing up and down between the pond and the fence.

"Well, you *are* there now," remarked Peel, who stood raised upon something on the safe side of the fence, and lolled over with arms folded easily. Now you see where evil courses lead to, as the Bench 'ave sometimes observed in my 'earin'."

"Some of you drive 'im off!" called Hookby, recovering breath. "Get something and drive 'im off; don't stand there!"

"You ought to be thankin' me for all I've done for yer," said the Novice reproachfully. "You'd 'ave 'ad 'is 'orn through yer by this time if I 'adn't directed yer. An' just think if it 'ad been *cold!* This time o' year it's only a nice pleasant evenin' bath."

"*Are* you goin' to stir yourselves?" roared Hookby.

"'Ow's the bottom?" asked the Novice. "Is there *much* mud? I've often looked at that pond, an' wondered what color it would dye a white man. Your clothes 'll be scented like a gal on a Sunday when you come out."

"Get somebody to shoot 'im!" screamed Hookby. "I'm goin' ice all through. You'll all be 'ad up for manslaughter!"

"I'm a-persuadin' of 'em, Mr. 'Ookby," answered the Novice. "You'll see me leadin' of 'em with spades an' pitchforks directly, an' givin' the word o' command. You keep a-lookin' out; but if I should see you goin' sleepy I'll throw a stone at yer."

Hookby blazed out in a fury of bad language and Peel got down as if to leave, saying that was no place for him. Then Enoch Tabb from the gate reminded Hookby there were respectable women and innocent children listening, and one of the matrons told Hookby that if he was drowned it would be a fitting judgment on him. But Peter Sall advised Hookby to take off his coat and throw it to the bull to play with on the far shore, and then make for the fence; and the next minute Hookby was in his shirt-sleeves while the bull galloped round after the discarded garment. He trampled it, he tore it, he tossed it; and as he shook it a pair of handcuffs dropped back from the pocket. The animal pounded them into the turf amid yells of delight. "As if it was a Christian!" said one of the women admiringly.

"Now what'll you give me to get you out, Mr. 'Ookby?" asked the Novice when order was restored. "I shou'n't sleep if I left yer there. But you've

made the crittur savage, an' if I risk my life what'll you give?"

"Free board an' lodging in Dunston Gaol," answered Hookby.

"Say five pound?" said Peel. "Four, then? Three? Two? That'll just pay my shot and a trifle. Eighteen shillin's an' costs, ain't it?" ("Two nines o' beer," Peel told the company. "A fresh traveller an' *very* anxious.") "Forty shillings only, me being a single man."

"'Aven't got it,' 'said Hookby. But a chorus gave him the lie. They had seen at least two sovereigns when he tempted Peter Sall.

"Two pound?" repeated the Novice. "Say, is it a go?"

"One," said Hookby.

"Two, Mr. 'Ookby. Chuck 'em out in a paper; in that paper you've got wi' my name on it. Then you can say you lost it. Throw 'ard."

Hookby was muddled, soddened to the marrow, hungry, broken. He took out the money, wrapped it tightly, and threw it towards the fence. Peel laughed, jumped down lightly, unrolled and tore the paper to tatters, spat on the coins and pocketed them, and regained the fence. Hookby positively howled.

"Back in two minutes," shouted the Novice. "Honor bright, Mr. 'Ookby. You'll just 'ave time to get to the station."

The company raised a chorus of assurance. Peel returned with a brown-and-white mongrel at his heels. At a wave of his hand the dog was over the fence.

"Go for 'im!" shouted Peel. "*Go* for 'im! *Cha-ase* 'im!"

The dog scampered to the bull, barking loudly. The bull gave chase as eagerly, and next minute the two were careering over the meadow a furlong away.

. . . . . .

"I shall go over an' see old Flindon to-morrow," said the Novice later, referring to his creditor. "'E'd got the gout, or else 'e'd never 'ave done this; 'e ain't a bad sort at bottom. An' when 'e 'ears me tell the 'istory o' this day if 'e don't stand the hull damage 'imself you may call me a 'Ookby!"

W. H. Rainsford.

Longman's Magazine.

ENGLISH STYLE AND SOME FRENCH NOVELS.

The gardening diaries tell us that "to be well forward is the secret of success in gardening." I am not so sure about that, but I am quite sure that to be well backward is the secret of success in reading. And the negative reason for this is generally known, if universally passed by. Every season sees a whole fleet of paper cock-boats sweeping along on the current of popular attention, to drop out of sight, stranded sometimes by a little puff of ridicule, often sinking by effect of their own fragility. Concealed among them is, perhaps a real boat, with sails and rudder set to carry it to a destination. Let us leave to others the ungrateful, the tedious, task of examining an entire fleet to discover it. And I have a positive as well as a negative reason for singing the praises of backwardness. Not only do the spirited comments of Clarinda lead me to read the right book, or the tiresome enthusiasm of Myrtilla to unostentatiously avoid the wrong one, but I come to my book more prepared to read it intelligently if I have already discussed it. For in this way I have learned to approach it as it were from various quarters at

once, and with a mind alert to mark points which it might naturally have glided over. Myrtilla would certainly ask how you can discuss books which you have not read. Such questions smack of a bygone generation, a generation simple and sincere in literary matters, if in moral ones false and pretentious to a degree which Dr. Johnson would have called "very disgusting." The newspapers should enable a commonly clever woman to join in a conversation on the books of the hour. She certainly cannot expect to add anything serious to it while it runs upon these, but if she feels it in her to do that, let her lead the talk towards others. For I am quite sure that a person who has nothing interesting to say about old books will also have nothing interesting to say about new ones. The converse does not hold: a store of knowledge and an apt memory will of themselves make a man good company in a library. And it takes no more than a docile literary intelligence to appreciate the standard merits of standard works, which yet cannot be so great as not to be the greater for the appreciation of each individual mind. But the literary palate, the instinctive perception of quality in a new book, that is altogether another matter. It is a special faculty which education cannot bestow, which it may cultivate, but on the other hand, may not. I have certainly seen it have quite a contrary effect on the old-fashioned "Greats man," to use the Oxford slang. His literary intelligence was apt to be permanently hypnotized by the belief that he had "a standard" which enabled him to judge literature. Which was as though a man had come back from climbing the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn and said, "I have now got a standard which enables me to judge scenery." Such a man had not only acquired the habit of writing the ponderous, characterless dialect of the examination essay—which was his misfortune—but he set up the style as a model of good English, which was something worse. "It takes a very little time to learn to write it," says cynical Youth. Yes; but it takes a very long time to learn not to write it.

Style is like music. Numbers of us can be taught to write English or to play the piano correctly and with good taste. To take such a performance as a standard is an error indeed, for mediocrity cannot even sustain itself. But the error begins in the idea that a standard of style can be fixed, when the essence of style is individuality. There must and should be as many diversities of it as there are diversities of temperament. With one, every clause hits its meaning, sharp and direct as a hammer-stroke; with another, a whole period must be taken together in order to listen to some harmony of structure or apprehend some subtlety of suggestion.

I should like to retain all my old, my immense respect for the classical education as a literary training. And it surely conduces to accuracy, to close reasoning, to good judgment and taste in certain directions. But in this matter of English prose style, experience urges upon me a heresy. It insists that it is familiarity with French, not Latin, that is most likely to help a man's style to clarity, charm, and the force which comes of directness. Such a gulf divides the grammatical structure of Latin from English as makes its qualities not transferable to our language, and even apt to breed their opposites in it. There is an English which reminds me of German classical architecture. Need I describe that?

For literary perception, it is certainly an inborn faculty of the mind; but it needs cultivation. And I see that one who has fed it on Dante and Heine, on Shakespeare and Madame de Sévigné, is as good a judge of a book as

another who has trained it on Homer and Horace. Truly "'twere pity of our lives" if in six centuries all Europe could not provide masterpieces enough to teach us what great literature is, and, moreover, how various it can be. Narrowness of taste will make the best-educated man a barren stock as a critic, and a kind of Cockney in any ramble through the "fresh woods and pastures new" of literature.

In short, when I compare individual with individual, I begin to doubt altogether the special value of the classical education. But getting away from the individual, and endeavoring to see things "in masses," as the painters say, I perceive its serious value as an element in that little state of Literature whose frontiers are so very indeterminate. (Though, indeed, I have been told there is a sure and simple way of discovering on which side of it any given drawing-room lies; only, as Herodotus would say, it is not lawful to mention it.) The scholar's reverence for grammar is a thing we can ill spare. Then his severity, his conservatism of taste, offer a wholesome resistance to the tyranny of mere fashion in literature. It discourages enthusiasm for this or that new light from overflowing in a mere froth of adjectives, and puts a certain pressure on our minds to examine our latest idols and praise them with discrimination. When the new literature is one of ideas, or imitation ideas, this intellectual winnowing is particularly valuable. Not that authority or education can save a whole generation from falling into the intellectual traps laid for it by its own genius. The early Victorians had plenty of scholars and philosophers among them, yet they were pleased with the thin religious reasonings of their poets and the windy prophesyings of Carlyle. But such general phases of thought are after all not mistakes; they are the winding ways of evolution.

Again, I think our old aristocracy of scholarship is useful in protecting us against that raiding of the intellectual domain by pretentious ignorance which seems to waste a good deal of time in America. Over here, our Mrs. Gallups are held in check by a vague but sufficient awe of gentlemen who know Greek and Latin. Yet perhaps I speak of a tradition which is already passing away. I hope not, for it is the only form of respect for intellectual distinction which I have noticed in the average Briton, whose sincere admiration for stupidity would be amusing were it of no consequence. For myself, in my own heretical fashion, I believe that the scholar contributes excellences to the world of literature. But I have tried to define his functions in that state, and such a definition cannot satisfy the older type of scholar, who has been accustomed to say, "L'Etat c'est moi." This claim was always an absurdity, and flourished on kindred absurdities. I remember the time when the mastery of a modern language was habitually described as "a mere accomplishment," and the very men who shuddered at a false quantity in Latin would emit with complacency a French which made the hearer's flesh creep. That style is as delicate and important a matter in the living as in the dead language was a discovery of the obvious which they had never made. But on the younger men and women of the 'seventies and 'eighties there had fallen the spell of the exquisite French language, the French wit, supple and keen, the French passion for form and completeness.

This French movement passed half-unnoticed in the shadow of the puffed sleeves, the trailing skirts, the crisped mane of the world-famous Æsthetic movement, or noticed chiefly in its small affectations. Its ballades and rondels are with "the snows of yester year"; for the full stream of English

poetry was not made to flow in those quaint mediæval runnels. Its real work was to effect a transformation in the form of the English novel and in English prose style. It is not in England alone that there has been a French movement. But in Latin countries the adoption of French forms and French ideas is too easy, too imitative, to be very interesting. In England there has been a subtler kind of transformation. The novel has gained in compactness, in arrangement, in dramatic point; but it is still English in idea, while in expression we are rather less than more given to the use of French words and phrases. I am not, of course, speaking of the mass of printed matter produced by those who cannot really write for those who cannot really read. But compare a good average novel, a literary newspaper, a review of the 'sixties, with the same thing in 1903, and what a different prose you will see! For my part, I immensely prefer our modern style to the comparatively monotonous and heavy structures of the pre-French period.

I doubt whether to-day the French fever still spreads among the young. There certainly was a young gentleman of Oxford not long ago who was fabled to be unable to say "How d'ye do?" to an acquaintance without adding softly, "Ah! la belle France!" But he seemed to be considered an exception. And for my own part the days are long gone by when I regarded it as necessary to literary salvation to have read the latest novel booming in Paris. They were no ill days, nor yet unprofitable. If I comparatively seldom read a new French novel now, it is because they are so seldom new beyond the title-page. Besides, I have found a difficulty in discovering which was the leading novel, a difficulty which M. Octave Uzanne's article in the *Fortnightly Review* has lately explained to me. He tells us that new social conditions in France have produced a "slump" in the novel. And when he describes the "amusement" pest raging on the other side of the Channel, we breathe the sympathetic sigh. But, whatever may be the reasons for the decline of reading in France, I have hinted a reason why some of us who abhor "bridge" and hardly tolerate ping-pong, nevertheless do not read so many French novels as we did. I would suggest humbly, since I have ceased to follow the march of Parisian literary events, that if the French fiction of the last fifteen years were compared with the English, it would be found to be much less various in interest. Here *Kim* and *Lady Rose's Daughter* jostle each other on every shelf, and the scenes of the two are hardly farther apart than the points of view. I take these two books almost at random, because they are universally known, but an experimental expedition through the shelves of a lending library would show as great a diversity of interest in all sorts of directions. I do not say that no like change has passed or is passing over the French novel, but it is slight in comparison. When the French novelist travels—which he now not infrequently does—I cannot help seeing the return half of his ticket to Paris in his waistcoat pocket. Unless, indeed, he is M. Bourget.

The truth is, the whole imagination of France has been for too long swept into the vortex of Paris, has whirled too long in that shining circle to escape from it easily. Pierre Loti is at once an exception to the rule and an example of it. For mere impressions of strange-colored exotic scenes he has not his equal in the world. But he goes to Japan as to a new and highly-advertised Moulin Rouge—and is disappointed.

Under the name of "Pierre de Coule-

vain," a writer, intelligent rather than brilliant, has really broken new ground in her studies of the mixed society created by the American marriages of the French and Italian aristocracy. *Eve Victorieuse* and *Noblesse Américaine* are interesting from their freshness of view and apparent truthfulness. "Pierre de Coulevain's" ticket to America was evidently not the tourist's. Yet even among these new social combinations, where escape would seem so easy, she does not escape from the old, old situation of the married couple and the Other. We know that the marriage customs of France compelled their writers to this as the conventional story; but it is one of some monotony in itself, and treated in the modern manner it becomes highly tedious. "Pierre de Coulevain" must be acquitted of treating it in the modern manner; in her hands it remains a love story. For it was formerly a love story, and love will both stir common people to uncommon actions, and by a general quickening of life, will bring out the secret writings in men's minds, and so make plain their various characters. Which, with its supposed universality, make up the reasons why it has been the chosen theme of the poet and novelist. But since Zola and Guy de Maupassant took the writing world of France by storm, the novelist's chosen theme is no longer Love, but Instinct; and that is necessarily one of the most barren monotony.

From ignoring ethical evolution in one direction to ignoring it altogether is no long step. Yet a world of *inconscients*, of non-moral beings, would offer few conveniences for the dramatist and novelist. The drama of life mostly proceeds from the contrast and the struggle between Man and his standard or code. Without these the adventures of the soul are at an end, and even external adventures lose much of their poignancy. If courage, for example, ceases to be admirable, cowardice is not even comic. In a world that had for its law "One man is as good as another, and the devil catch the hindmost," why should it interest us much to see which the devil caught?

Some fifteen years ago M. Lavedan came before the world with a very small and very clever book called *Les Inconsolables*, and we were all half or wholly amused. It was a satyr wit that hoofed it so merrily in the grim sanctuaries of age and death, and stirred unsuspected mud in the fount of human tears. Cynicism is sometimes the trait of youth, moving as it does "in worlds not realized." But ten years later found M. Lavedan, in *Nouveau Jeu* and *Les Jeunes*, in a more advanced stage of cynicism, given up to the study of the *inconscients*. A dull set, for all the wit he lavishes on them.

And now *L'Inconstante*, this novel of Madame Henri de Régnier's, of which "the town is talking," as our ancestors said, this has an *inconsciente* for a heroine. A Frenchwoman of taste has assured me that she cannot read it; she finds it *écœurant*. Indeed, I do not think that Frenchwomen owe a great debt of gratitude to their novelists. Their charms have been sufficiently celebrated, their virtues, to say the least, insufficiently. But I leave them to lodge their own complaint, which they are much better fitted to express than any clumsy-witted Briton from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

The other novel of the year, which appears to have rivalled *L'Inconstante* in popularity is *La Maison du Péché*, by Madame Tinayre. I do not know precisely what judgment French criticism has passed on Madame Tinayre's book, but to me it has, besides other and striking literary merits, the merit of being comparatively new. I do not mean that she has found that blue rose, a theme which has never before been handled. In Mrs. Humphry

Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale* the situation is nearly identical. But Madame Tinayre's novel certainly differs both in subject and point of view from the ordinary clever French novel, among which may be included her own *L'Oiseau d'Orage*. Her subject is that of two human beings irresistibly attracted to one another as individuals, but irrevocably separated, before they were born, by the tendencies and beliefs of a former generation, and, since they were born, by their own consequent education and beliefs. Yet this is not all, it is not the most poignant side of the drama. That lies rather in the lonely and tragic adventure of the soul of Augustin de Chanteprie, when the flame of his love for Fanny Manolé shows him the bars of the narrow cage in which he has been reared, in which he has hitherto lived content; and shows him, too, the wide, populous world without, where he can never move familiarly as a free-born creature, but still in pain, and regretting the very bars against which he beat. And these two individuals, the church-reared man and the Pagan-born woman, are a clashing-point between two strong opposing currents which flow through the ocean of life. One guesses Port Royal to have been the source of the story, as it was the source of the de Chanteprie family character. Madame Tinayre has felt the austere charm of that wonderful place, its founders and supporters. It was a fine protest, and more than a protest, against a vicious society and a complaisant Christianity. Moreover, it was a centre of ideas and interests rendered independent of the Court by sheer unworldliness. The Grand Monarque had a quick eye to detect the springing of possible wheat among the tares of his sowing, and it is not surprising that he should have rooted out Port Royal. The precise doctrines of Port Royal are of no present interest. Their teaching, their general attitude towards life, was profoundly ascetic, seeming indeed to combine the severity of monasticism with that of Calvinism. And it is this inhuman side of Port Royal which has made the deepest impression on Madame Tinayre's imagination. Happily, if people are seldom so good as their doctrines, they are also seldom so bad. "I too have tried to be a philosopher," said Dr. Johnson's old friend apologetically, "but cheerfulness would break in." And even where Calvinism was, cheerfulness would frequently break in. Yet the doctrine which would make of life a mere tunnel to the grave is terrible enough, has claimed victims enough to be treated as something more than a dark chimæra. *La Maison du Péché* exhibits the contrast between this view and the pagan joy of life; the possible contact of the two to-day, one a survival, the other a revival. Social conditions in France make it possible to present such a contrast more completely there than with us. The gulf between Paris and the provinces, the greater power and influence of the mother, the absence of any acknowledged right of the boy to personal liberty and a certain type of education—these conditions make the prisoned youth of Augustin de Chanteprie, between his nun-like mother and his priest-like tutor, a possibility. How frequent, or how uncommon, or even unique, such an upbringing may be, I leave it to French commentators to declare. Enough for me to see it so plainly: the still frost-nipped boy-life in the château of Hautfort-le-Vieux, the dim, colorless rooms where the icy saint-hood of the mother cherishes itself in silence, and the mouldering graces of the Louis-Seize pavilion where, at due distance, M. Forgerus the tutor broods owl-like on the dust of ancient sins and in the dark of ancient systems. Between the two, amid the disorder, the rank, pun-

gent growth of the neglected garden, moves Paquine, the old servant, the handkerchief folded round her Sibyl head, the snaky lock of silver hair escaping across her yellow forehead, the turquoise earring blue against her yellow cheek. She is, as it were, an incarnate spirit of the ancestral earth, older and more stable than all systems, waiting the hour when she shall prevail.

At first the boy with the "eyes like faded violets" is merely a thing for pity; but as the years go by his creator contrives to make of him a man, in spite of all that has hampered his growth, and one worthy of sympathy and respect. And Fanny Manolé, the Pagan woman whose love destroys him, is no brainless, heartless sensualist. Child of a great painter and an Italian model, a painter herself, she has been brought up without religion, but she is not without morality. Her face has smiled for centuries from Italian canvases, angel or Bacchante, with hair like heavy clusters of black grapes, with curved mouth and mysterious eyes. Her supple body has lived in marble and mouldered in the grave hundreds of times, through all the ages of Italy. She loves without coquetry, with the simplicity and completeness of an Italian. Yet she has the intelligence and the strong character of a Frenchwoman, and the frankness and uprightness of a woman who has never been taught to humbug. The Devil's Advocate might indeed find in the story a moral to the effect that a woman who has never learned to humbug herself first and then others, is sure to make a terrible failure of life. If Fanny could have persuaded herself, Augustin de Chanteprie, his fossil mother, M. Forgerus, the Abbé le Tourneur, and the rest of the devout circle, that she was on the way to become an excellent Catholic, all would have been well. M. Forgerus first, Madame de Chanteprie afterwards, could have been brought to consent to the marriage, and everything would have progressed as automatically as in the old rhyme, when "the fire began to burn the stick." But, alas! Fanny could not kindle in her breast the fire of heavenly faith, real or factitious, and in her desperation kindled in her young lover's the fire of earthy passion.

The drama moves straight on up to this point. The narrow circle of provincial devotees, the *curés* and peasants, are excellently drawn, and appear enough but not too much. The rural valley where once Port Royal stood, the pictured faces of its *Mères* and its *Messieurs*, lend a background of spiritual romance to a charming and delicate love scene. The country background is everywhere of great beauty and reality. French descriptions of scenery have long been admirable, but I have come to notice a certain monotony about them. The same adjectives recur, the same views. They are mostly taken from the home-counties of Paris—of less varied beauty than the home-counties of London—from the sandy sea-coast of the North of France, and the heaths of Brittany, to which Parisians resort in the summer holidays. The Riviera sometimes appears; but Daudet's possession of the rural south seems seldom disturbed. They are extremely pretty and well done, these views, but they have come to remind me too much of a landscape exhibition of a particular school, reminiscent of the usual artist haunts. In Madame Tinayre's former novel there was a bright little sea-shore scene which I seemed to have met with scores of times already. In *La Maison du Péché* there are no pictures which one involuntarily sees framed and hung on a wall. There is real country, rolling wooded country, to walk through in the spring sunshine or the trans-

forming mystery of moonlight; there is a gray old church in which to pace and watch the twilight gather; there is the beechwood, where Barral and Fanny rest their bicycles. One smells the damp moss and the bracken. Barral seems cast for something like the villain of the piece, yet one feels that to be all an accident. At bottom, Barral is the sensible man whom every woman's friends always wish her to marry; and only a very sensible woman does not marry. Unluckily, Barral omits his most important "property"; the wedding-ring.

The last part of the book divides itself between Paris and Hautfort-le-Vieux, and its sketches of Parisian types are as convincing as those of the provincials. But the action loiters; it has *da capos*. Fanny's attempt to convert Augustin to paganism is a more lamentable failure than his to convert Fanny to Christianity, just because it is a partial success. For both it means disaster. The tragedy of the end is pushed almost beyond what is tolerable. In the actual world the threshold of Death is a very lonely place. The soul stands there in solitude, covered with a veil which neither love nor prayer can penetrate. I doubt whether the imagination does well and reverently in pretending to lift it.

And I see that *La Maison du Péché* has been translated. Were I German Emperor of England I should forbid translations of French novels. Those who are sufficiently literary to appreciate them should have no difficulty in reading the language. Those who do not know it must be ignorant of the history and general literature of the French people, of their habits of thought and life, their different standard of mere propriety. And, being ignorant of these things, can an English reader understand a French novel? On the contrary, he can but misunderstand it.

Margaret L. Woods.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

TATA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

PART IV.

X. VIOL AND FLUTE.

Adèle left grandfather and grandson together while she accompanied her visitor to the garden gate. When she came back she found the little boy standing on the table, while his grandfather held him tight and talked nonsense to him:—

"How-d'ye-you, monsieur Gustave? You are Gustave junior! Now you are as tall as I, taller even. Some day you'll really be as tall as that. Some day. We'll have a good time together, won't we? A good time together every day!"

The baby plunged his two little hands into Bounaud's white hair, and the latter cried:—

"He's dressing my hair! He's dressing it finely! D'ye see how well I look? Ah, that makes him laugh! It makes you laugh, does it? to dress grandpa's hair?"

"Yes!" said the little fellow.

"You understand that I'm your grandpapa?"

"Yes, and I'm so glad!"

"So you like me, do you?" said Bounaud, a little uneasy as to the probable answer.

"Oh, yes!" cried the charmer, with enthusiasm.

* Translated for The Living Age.

On hearing this avowal Bounaud felt as limp as a lover of sixteen. Impetuously he seized the child, kissed it, then lifted it at arms' length up toward the ceiling, towards heaven.

"I love you," he cried.

"So do I love you!" said the baby.

"Then let's dance!" proposed the old man, whose delight knew no bounds.

He held the little creature upright on the table. He took him round the waist, supported him a little and danced with him, improvising a song, both air and words:—

"Of our joy is now full measure
Tra la la la la loy!
And I'm dancing to give pleasure
To my darling little boy!"

Adèle had nothing to do but sit and watch them. Neither paid any attention to her. They had something much more important in hand.

"I tell you what," said Bounaud, "I am going to give you a tiny little violin." He went for his kit, after having taken the precaution to seat the child upon the table. "This is my kit," he said, coming back and putting the child once more upon his feet. "You'll soon know how to handle this. And I tell you, I'm going to have you play the fiddle like an angel. I've got it all planned out. And the flute, too! You'll play the flute like a cherub. I'll show you how the flute goes later. But we'll begin with the violin—"

He took his instrument and put it in position. "Do like me!" he said, as he twanged the strings.

Filled with admiration the child let the kit fall and fell to clapping his hands while the instrument lay quivering on the table.

"Never mind! let it break!" cried Bounaud. "One, two, three, four . . . He is beating time. He feels the music . . . He will be a musician . . . One, two! one, two! Right every time!"

"It's quite true," said Adèle.

"Oh, are you there? one, two! one, two! . . . Isn't he a pretty fellow, say! our Lulli, our Bellini, our Rossini, our boy! He is going to be a Mozart . . . Now for the flute! But not long, because I want to talk, and when you play the flute you can't."

He breathed into his flute and the child became motionless. Open-eyed he stood and watched the old man who, by means of his mouth and a reed, was producing such melodious tones.

"It's like a bird, isn't it?" said Bounaud. "Grandpa is funny, isn't he? Well, this is the way he is going to amuse you always. Do you want to dance? Then do like me."

And he began to dance a *pas seul*, improvised like the music with which he accompanied it, and at each accented beat, marked too by his song, he saluted the little prince in velvet and silk where he stood upon his pedestal.

"Good-day, Bounaud!" carolled the grandfather. "Good-day, monsieur Bounaud! Good-day, maëstro Bounaud! Here stands the only, the true, the great Bounaud . . . And I, monseigneur, I am your lordship's very obedient humble servant."

He paused quite out of breath; but presently came close to the table, gave the child a long embrace, and said, hardly above a whisper, while he pressed his face against the soft cheek of the infant:—

"You've never written an opera! You've never got into debt! You've never been a thankless child. You are still too small for that—much too small. You come to us straight from God, and all we have to do is, not to ruin you! How simple it is!"

"Oh, that is it!" cried Adèle joyfully.

"You know," continued the grandfather, "you are the master here. You can smash everything, if you please. What fun it will be! He's going to

send things flying. Don't you say so, Adèle?"

"I say," Adèle replied, sweetly but firmly, "that he is not going to break anything, nor set anything flying; that he will be far too good a boy to do anything of the sort, and that his grandfather is going to be reasonable, and set him a fine example—especially of obedience."

Bounaud stole a sidelong look at his daughter. He was a little discomfited and felt that he had nothing to say.

"Don't let us have the old story over again!" she cried with a harshness which he had never heard in her voice before.

"Certainly not!" agreed Bounaud. "I've no notion of ruining this one! . ."

PART V.

I. THE DAUPHIN IS PUT TO BED.

As the school gained in popularity, it had been given better accommodations. An annex had been built; there was now a dormitory where the little ones went by squads and took their naps. There was therefore no lack of small beds in the house, but Bounaud would not listen to reason. For that first night, at least, he would have the child in his own bed with him.

"I shall be perfectly comfortable in an armchair."

"That's nonsense, father!"

"Why? Do you suppose that I can sleep after such an event? I will watch over him. I will take care of him."

"You need rest yourself. We both need you, he and I. If you begin by doing foolish things——!"

"The first night . . . just the first night," he pleaded.

"So be it. We will sit up with him turn and turn about."

"Very well. What sort of broth are you going to give him?"

At table they could not eat, so preoccupied were they with watching the little one. He was a handsome child, with dark chestnut hair, wide-open, eager eyes and round cheeks. They regarded him as a prodigy. And in truth it is the child rather than the man who is a miracle, for the reason that he is still close to the mysterious origin of things and keeps the wonder of it ever before us. This little fellow was really charming. He was dressed as finely as any pampered little girl. He lent a note of luxury to the simple house, where he was like a living fairy-tale. It really seemed as though some benevolent genius must have brought him there.

"Say what you will," said Bounaud, "he looks like a prince, in those clothes and it's too bad to muffle him up in an ugly blue pinafore. See here, on holidays he ought to be dressed as though he were a rich boy!"

"We'll see about it; we'll see about it," replied Tata, who had her own ideas and did not mean to yield a jot.

Used as he was to movement and noise, the little boy, who had seen the boulevards and streets of Paris, and a great many different faces in his mother's apartment, showed no fear whatever. He did not seem to be particularly surprised, but very curious about all the aspects of his new life. Nobody had ever taken so much pains to amuse him, entertain him, instruct him. He had not cried at all. He felt love, a new love, taking possession of him, enfolding, encircling him on every side. Not a single movement of his new friends escaped him. He seemed always to be saying:—

"What are they going to do now? What will happen next? I'm living in a beautiful story, and I wonder how it will end!"

"He holds his spoon very well," said Bounaud.

"He hasn't said a word to me yet?" said Tata.

"Yes, he has! He has said 'More!' several times, and once 'That's funny!'"

"That isn't talking!"

"But you wouldn't care to have him give us a lecture! You are very hard to please. Look at him! He's laughing!"

"He seems to like you better than me," said Tata, who had certainly become a deep diplomatist.

"He likes us both better," said Bounaud generously.

"Your soup is cream-of-rice. Is it good?"

"Oh! yes, monsieur! oh! yes, madame!"

"Say, 'Yes, Tata!'" said Bounaud.

"Say, 'Yes, grandpa!'" said Tata.

The baby, without relinquishing the spoon, allowed it to rest on the rim of his plate and for an instant looked back and forth from one to the other. Bending forward on his right and left they feasted their eyes on him and waited. Finally the child turned to Bounaud and said, "Yes, Tata."

Then he turned to Adèle and said, "Yes, grandpa."

They broke into the merriest laugh ever heard within those walls; so fascinating did they find the lightest word, the most insignificant gesture of the small Bounaud.

"I never expected that!" said Tata in a glow of pleasure.

"He's got a sense of humor!" declared the astounded Bounaud.

"Come, then, eat!" they entreated in unison.

But instead of eating the little stranger burst out laughing in their faces, a laugh on his right hand and a laugh on his left, and the spoon which he lifted on the outbreak of each peal fell back at the close of each into his dish, spattering their faces with warm white drops.

Every one of the trio was enchanted with the two others.

"He's going to take after me," said Bounaud, "and I wasn't a bad-looking man, you'd better believe. Just look at my portrait when I was twenty."

"I never see that portrait," she replied, "without thinking of André Chenier."

"It's a fact! And my grandson, too, is going to look like a famous poet. That is something, anyway! He will be able to write the songs for his own operas."

"Again!" said Tata, growing grave.

"Good Heavens! Do you suppose I am going to bring him up to be an ordinary bourgeois, a mere counter-jumper?"

"Make him an artisan, or better still, a farmer."

"Are you speaking seriously?"

"Quite seriously."

"Well, perhaps you're right. He shall be a carpenter. Provided he's a musician too. I've no objection. I've Jean-Jacques Rousseau as my authority. And if later he develops an artistic vocation, he can hang up his hammer and his saw, that's all."

"We aren't likely to have any serious difference about that," said Tata in conclusion.

The old man bent over his grandson. "Sleepy, Bounaud?" he asked.

The baby bobbed his head up and down in emphatic assent. They bore him away, undressed him, and put him to bed between the finest sheets the house afforded in his grandfather's own great bed. His mother had sent him a whole little trousseau, including some voluminous night-gowns, over-trimmed with lace. It was a charming scene. Tata, well used to waiting on children, undid the fastenings of his petticoats with a gentle dexterity which delighted the old man. When nothing was left on the manikin but his little shirt, so short that he was all but

naked, "Now give him to me," Bounaud demanded.

He took him out of the arms of Tata, who involuntarily clung to him for one moment in an impulse of passionate devotion, clasping him to her with all her strength and crying, "Oh, my king! my king!"

"I've been very impatient for this moment to come," declared the good old Colossus. "I must make sure that he hasn't any deformity. That's the main thing. But he looks all right."

He examined each articulation with delicate, questioning fingers. "Oh, yes! He's beautiful, very beautiful! Like the St. John and child Jesus in the old engravings."

He fell to kissing the little pink and white creature, dimpled but not too fat, whom he was holding high in his strong arms. He kissed the graceful shoulders, the chest, the legs, the taper fingers.

Meanwhile Tata could barely reach with the tips of her lips the soles of his little feet, so fresh and rosy which had taken so few steps as yet, while the child, tickled by the caress, burst into fresh peals of silvery laughter, then beat the air with arms and legs, struggling to reach firm ground or bed.

"Put on his big night-gown," said Bounaud, "and then let him say his prayer."

"Do you know *Our Father?*"

"Oh, no!"

"What prayer do you know?"

"I know *Amen!*"

"Maybe that's enough," said Bounaud with a laugh.

"Well," said Tata, "say after me, Our Father—"

"Our Father."

"Who art in heaven."

"Who art in heaven—Amen!" And he dropped off into slumber where he knelt in his bed, with his head on Tata's shoulder.

"Thy kingdom come—"

He roused himself, and finished bit by bit the entire prayer, with the addition of a good many superfluous Amens.

"Now for sleepy land!"

When he had been finally tucked in, and kissed and rekissed till he was in no small danger of being kissed wide awake, "What are you going to do?" exclaimed Tata, on seeing her father take up his violin.

"I am going to give him his first lesson," said Bounaud. "This child is to go to sleep each night to the sound of the best music. I am going to form his soul by masterpieces!"

"I am going to form his mind by the greatest books," said Tata with a little unconscious jealousy.

"And we'll both ensure him perfect health by means of barley broth."

"He mustn't be spoiled. You said so yourself, papa!"

"Above all not spoiled," agreed Bounaud. "That's right."

"Believe me, papa. We must be firm."

"We will be so, my daughter. We will be terrible. We must train him to have initiative. We can't have him turn out everybody's dupe."

"Still less everybody's duper."

"See here," said Bounaud, violin in hand, "I'll not interfere, if you say so, with anything but his music and his amusement, and you shall look after the rest. What do you think?"

"I think it would be the best way."

"And I, too. I can't trust myself."

"So you really abdicate?"

"I abdicate except for the music." He laid his bow upon the strings, pressed it softly and extended his arm. The instrument gave a long sigh of happiness, light and sweet as their own hearts that night, a throb of hope as guiltless as their souls, and the child murmured sleepily out of the depths of his dream:—

"Good night, Tata! Good night, Grandpa!"

The look which they exchanged was as full of infinite meaning as the notes produced by Bounaud's bow.

For the violin also said its prayer. The chamber was filled with a hum as of heavenly bees, whose quivering wings were laden with the very honey of Paradise. They hummed of genius and of love, and all the guardian angels of all sleeping children heard in those delicate vibrations the flutter of their own wings. But the child's dream was wholly of this earth. He seemed still to see his Tata and his Bounaud smiling in the midst of their kisses, and this paradise sufficed him.

And whose was this music? Mozart's or Schubert's? Nobody's; only the grandfather's. He was playing from his heart. And for a quarter of an hour he had genius.

Les Annales.

(To be continued.)

MIDNIGHT IN CLOUDLAND: AN EXPERIMENT.

A night balloon voyage is, from the nature of the case, such a rare experience, necessarily attended, moreover, with so much chance incident that it can hardly fail to supply a story peculiarly its own. Any interest naturally attaching, however, to the narrative I have to relate is much increased by the experimental work that was carried out, and by the evidence of a large number of independent observers who, readily lending both eyes and ears, have had each their own special tale to add.

Briefly stated the exploit undertaken had for its main object to collect reliable facts calculated to aid in the fascinating study of perplexing sounds, and yet more perplexing silence, and in the following up of those strange stray voices which sometimes break in upon us, and give rise to so much mystery. Two typical examples of the far hearing of sounds, as of cannon which were hard or impossible to trace, had been brought to the knowledge of the writer, and gave excuse for, as they will also give point to, the special experiment he has to describe.

Near his own home in Berkshire there exists a large pit supplying clay earth for some important brick-kilns of long standing. The pit, which is semicircular in outline, is dug deep out of a steep hillside, and looks squarely towards the south. Its rear wall is sheer and lofty, and fifty years ago, before a roadway intruded itself, was loftier still. It was at that period that the following remarkable phenomenon was observed and recorded. One Sunday afternoon three gentlemen connected with the kilns were standing within the pit, the air being quiet and the little wind that stirred blowing up from the south. Suddenly borne on the back of this slight breeze came the sound of distant firing sufficiently loud to arrest the attention of the little party assembled. The reports coming from the southward the natural inference would have been that they were the Portsmouth guns, which could be occasionally heard across the intervening forty miles. But then the day was Sunday, so that this explanation seemed impossible, and it was only after the lapse of two or three days that it was learned that at the hour in question the Emperor of the French was reviewing his fleet at Cherbourg. Obviously the sound, after traversing

no less than a hundred and forty miles, had been gathered up by a natural receiver, and brought to a focus at the spot where the observers were standing. Here was a happy and complete explanation of a puzzle, but the case which follows remains a puzzle still.

Some months ago, on a day marked by no particular stress of weather, the sounds as of distress guns out at sea were distinctly heard at a look-out station on the east coast of England, and a boat was ordered out to discover the source of the alarm, and, if possible, to render aid. Ten miles away at another station on the coast the same signals were heard, and here again a boat was ordered out on a similar errand. In the end it chanced that neither boat proceeded to sea, for it presently became known that the lifeboat at the neighboring sea-port town had put out with twelve oars, and should be capable of reaching the signalling vessel at high speed. The lifeboat, however, returned, reporting not only that they had seen nothing, but that inquiries proved that there had been no vessel carrying guns within conceivable earshot. One other mystery to which there is abundant testimony remains to be mentioned, namely, the not infrequent inaudibility of sound signals when really within the range of easy hearing.

These and other puzzling phenomena of a kindred nature induced the writer to follow up former research by the experiment now to be described. Waiting for the comparative silence and calmer air of night hours, it was determined to take a balloon up to a moderate distance in the sky, and there to fire a series of powerful detonating signals, inviting listeners over a wide area to make careful observation and to be precise as to the times of hearing; it being arranged, for the purposes of verification, that these times should be at certain irregular intervals.

The choosing of a suitable day or night for ballooning purposes had throughout the past season been a complete lottery, and many misgivings were felt when the day ultimately fixed upon arrived. Indeed, seldom were weather signs and forecasts more ambiguous and at variance. The glass had been falling since overnight, and the wind, freshening through the morning, showed much local disturbance, if not a serious return of broken weather. Still it was unquestionable that each fresh gust of wind as it swept past came headlong out of the south, and as this promised a balloon sail up the whole length of England the aeronaut had no reasonable fears of being carried out to sea even if he travelled all night, and cloud should shut out all view of the earth.

This was the outlook from high ground in Berkshire during morning hours, and the same conditions prevailed apparently when the Crystal Palace was reached late in the afternoon, and the weather-wise, as also the little group of experts gathered on the balloon ground, prophesied that at 10 P.M., when the start was to be made, the balloon would take a course that must land its passengers somewhere in the midland counties, or possibly even in Yorkshire, ere dawn. Presently Messrs. Brock began their display of fireworks, and their graceful miniature balloons climbing up and vanishing towards the north told the same alluring tale. So again did big fleecy clouds speeding rapidly far aloft.

Yet all these considerations notwithstanding, the balloon in the end, as so often, took everyone by surprise, and floating away gently and punctually from the grasp of its restrainers, suddenly made a sidelong dash towards the top of a tall poplar, and headed off on a course of its own nearly due east, flying faster and faster as it

climbed above the grounds. This was not only unexpected but undesirable, for now not the length of England but merely some fifty miles intervened before the sea would be reached, a distance which would be narrowed down to but thirty if only one particular direction, that of Sea Reach, were taken and maintained. Such a contingency, however, seemed to entail such exceptional ill luck that it was not seriously entertained, and the work in hand was proceeded with.

It was a quiet little send-off from the familiar grounds, where one is accustomed to the gay gathering and the flutter of excitement followed by the enthusiastic cheer of the crowd. There were but the few helpers needed to keep the balloon in check when buffeted with the wind, which now blew at upwards of thirty miles an hour. There was the aeronautical party, four in all, each entrusted with separate duties; there were also a score of friends and well-wishers who, even at that late hour, had assembled to see the voyagers well away.

Their parting request was to urge our firing a salute as soon as we had risen to a safe altitude, and this was accordingly done while yet the grounds lay spread below us in the broad moonlight. A guncotton cartridge, attached to a length of twin wire, was lowered till it hung suspended a hundred feet below, and then fired electrically from the car. A sharp crack followed, and after the lapse of some seconds, with a mighty outburst the earth thundered back the echo of our report, which rolled away among the houses, and, with a final bang off the bluff face of the Palace, died away.

Evidently the air at this hour was, as we expected, eminently transparent to sound, and we were quick to catch the familiar voices of the night at long range. A clock from a steeple far down was striking the first quarter after the hour. Canine custodians throughout the suburbs everywhere were exclaiming against the unwonted object in the sky. Shrieks shrill and piercing came up from trains hurrying along and betrayed to the eye only by wreaths of glowing steam; and not only so, but even away on far distant lines of rail the puffing of an engine could be heard with astounding intensity, as it panted laboriously on some incline.

Presently more musical voices joined in in chorus and unexpectedly. We had just fired a report after a silent interval of some minutes, when we were almost instantly answered by the deep and varied hooters of vessels vying with each other and then fading away in long-drawn cadence. Clearly we had been nearing the river, and now a rippled gleam of moonlight revealed a silver loop dotted with dark objects that bristled with slender masts. Surely Thames, though in her muddiest reach, never looked so fair. Across her flood clusters of habitations lining either bank emulated each other in lighting up the sky. One large town on the hither shore—identified as Woolwich—shed heavenward a lurid glare as of a vast conflagration, and further down blazed a similar but lesser fire—unmistakably Gravesend, towards which we ourselves appeared to be speeding. Behind us the light of London was becoming swallowed up in haze, while far and wide over the broad black country pale patches of a soft glow told where silent towns lay sleeping.

For the sake of charting our actual track, and also to determine the varying air streams which were encountered, addressed postcards were cast out in pairs, one loaded so as to fall quickly to earth, its fellow attached to a small parachute to float away on the wind. It was in the neighborhood of the river that wayward currents chief-

ly declared themselves, and brought about some curious results, to which we must shortly give attention. A curious but not unintelligible sight was presented by two parachutes similar in all respects and cast overboard at an interval of a few seconds only. One commenced slowly descending in an orthodox manner, the other started away more after the fashion of a kite, slanting upwards and far away into the sky on a path of its own, into which it had been compelled by some chance up-draught or "chimney current," as this form of air stream is commonly designated.

The story of our night-errant post-cards was instructive and not a little curious. Like true waifs, some did not come home till many days had elapsed, and several were weather-stained and worn. Of those which were loaded and fell direct to earth nearly all were recovered, one the same night within ten minutes of its falling; others alighting on roadways were picked up by peasant folk, who were early abroad on the morrow; two fell at railway stations and were returned by officials; one waited till opening hours outside a public-house. The few that escaped observation may have fallen in woods or on roofs; but they found no certain hiding-places in gardens or in open fields. One had secreted itself in a chalk quarry, yet even here it was discovered the next morning, though that morning was Sunday.

But those missives which, attached to the parachutes, floated on the wind and took long flights before coming to earth, have a more remarkable tale to tell, yet all—that all being fifty per cent.—combined in giving the same, and that extremely interesting, evidence. The early flights were all north, *i. e.*, the path of the balloon being easterly they must on dropping out of sight have diverged on a course almost at right angles. And of this there seem only two possible explanations. Either there was a low south wind blowing over the north of Kent, a survival of the wind which had blown through the earlier part of the day, or else a lower wind, as so often, was seeking the river.

This is common enough. A river, especially a tidal river, will at certain seasons have a warmer temperature than the land, giving rise to upward currents of air which must be fed by air streams setting in from either shore; and corroborating this view there remain two other noteworthy facts, (1) after a while there comes a break in the postcard record, suggesting that a sequence of the flyers were carried not only towards but into the water, and secondly, after Essex was reached these parachutes flew no longer north but south, or once more towards the river, as though drawn irresistibly towards its flood.

It was shortly after this that we crossed the river from Dartford Marshes to Grays on the Essex shore, and again a little while elapsed and we found ourselves hard by the river again, the peculiar bend of which set us thinking. Were we not nearing Sea Reach, just at that one point of which we knew we must be wary? If a line be drawn on a map from London to Mucking Lighthouse, and then prolonged, it will be found to lie completely over the estuary of the river and so out to sea; and it was this very line that we were all too certainly following. Long experience told us that as soon as the approaching bank was reached practically no more land lay before us until the entire breadth of the German Ocean had been crossed.

But here a curious illusion met the eye, for another broad but less clearly defined river was seen to branch off from the bed of the Thames, tracing out a vague and unknown course of

its own as if to some shadowy sea. This apparition, after puzzling us a little while, was ascertained to be a trail of smoke which issued from a cluster of lime-kilns and which wandered down the wind, lying low and reflecting back the moonlight, much as did the surface of the neighboring water.

Here, then, urged by prudence, we came to earth, within a field or two of the broad river-bed, where the soil was soft and marshy, where the heavy night air felt dank and clammy, and where genuine mosquitoes, the imports of foreign trading vessels lying in the docks hard by, harassed us sorely as we labored with our stricken, struggling monster. Two belated countrymen, and two only, had marked the unwonted object in the sky, and came to lend their help; but other aid there was none, and the chance of finding a horse and cart at that late hour and in that lonely district was quite out of the question. Accordingly the balloon was rolled up in a bulky mass with its great round valve upwards, and so we left it through the night, lying alone in a field of rye like a fallen Cyclops, with its one eye gazing at the moon.

The sequel of our story was told piecemeal in many hundreds of letters shortly received from observers who had taken up stations along the entire length of the country we had traversed, as also far on both sides, that is, to north and south of our track. Indeed, as a noteworthy fact it should be recorded that it was "off the track" in regions lying remote from the direction towards which the wind was blowing that our aerial signals had been best heard, a fact which, however hard to account for, is in accord with former experience. In very few cases were more than three reports heard by listeners near at hand, which would show that the range of audibility scarcely exceeded five miles either up or down the wind in the balloon's path.

On the other hand, the most complete series of reports were recorded by observers stationed at long distances athwart the wind, and, a very remarkable fact, such observers were generally found to be groups, *i. e.* within a mile or two of each other, as though the far aerial sounds were borne down to earth on favored patches of ground here and there. At Brentwood, where the range of the nearest report would be not less than ten miles, and of the furthest more than twenty miles, the complete series was heard by one observer. By another standing about a mile away six were heard out of eight, while at a rectory house in the same near locality the firing was actually heard within doors. At Sevenoaks, fourteen miles south of the balloon's track, a correspondent records in accurate detail the reports, which he asserts "might have been heard from miles beyond," a statement which is also supported by the evidence of a crop of other independent observers in the same immediate neighborhood, who all heard the detonations with the same distinctness. Over a wide district outside this limited locality no sounds are recorded, but clustered round and about Edenbridge, three leagues further out, there were several successful listeners, while from Dormans, in Sussex, fully twenty miles away from the nearest firing point, has come, curiously enough, the most complete record of all.

Practically everywhere a similar condition of things prevailed, the hearers being found to occupy stations which were not isolated and scattered here and there, as might have been expected, but which were almost always grouped together in some comparatively near neighborhood. It was as though the winds, which as we have seen blew in wayward currents about our course,

had made sport of the sounds they bore and directed them at their will.

The result of the experiment has been in its way not unlike another which was made years back by an engineer friend of the writer, who was employed to determine the devious minor streams of water in the same reach of the Thames over which we ourselves had been voyaging. His method, which was as efficacious as it was ingenious, was simply to purchase the whole stock-in-trade of an orange-woman and to scatter the fruit broadcast on the water. In this case, the oranges, selecting certain distinct by-streams, drifted not hither and thither but towards different but definite havens. It was just so in our own experiments with the travel of our own sound signals.

The most remarkable communication of all that I received, and which I give for what it is worth, came from a secluded country parsonage in Norfolk. Here, guided by experience already recorded, advantage was taken of an empty pit facing the track from which the sounds would proceed, but which in this case could be scarcely less than eighty miles away. One observer stood within the pit, while two others ascended a hill whence a good view southward was obtained. All three of the observers recorded a far sound "resembling thunder" coming also apparently from the right direction and closely corresponding in time with the moment when the last and nearest bomb was fired over Purfleet in Essex.

Two other interesting facts remain to be narrated. The entire number of correspondents everywhere, save in two limited districts, namely those of Croyden and Dartford, describe the sounds as resembling single reports without reverberation of any kind. Almost all of the observers, however, who were stationed in the above districts speak of the reports sounding as if they were distant thunder claps, or "like thunder rolling in the hills."

The remaining fact to which I will draw attention relates less perhaps to acoustics than to natural history, and is related by another observer who was stationed in the near neighborhood of Brentwood. This gentleman, it appears, is the possessor of a thoroughbred racing mare, which, being out at grass in an open meadow, was not unnaturally startled by the first and clearly heard report. So also by those which followed, till these, owing to distance and adverse winds, faded completely out of hearing.

Even then, however, the finely strung sense of the animal continued to hear the reports, and thus recorded for its owner the moments when each occurred, though no longer audible to the human ear.

John M. Bacon.

The Cornhill Magazine.

ABOUT THEODOR MOMMSEN.

Any one who happened to be in Berlin at the beginning of the eighties, and was in the habit of riding in the tramcar from the Brandenburg Gate to Charlottenburg between six and eight of an evening, might often have noticed an elderly gentleman of striking appearance among the passengers. He was of medium height, of slight figure; his face clean-shaven and full of wrinkles, set off by a head full of long, silvery hair. A pair of dark, illuminatingly expressive eyes peered through his spectacles. On entering

the tram he always looked out for a seat near the lamp at the back of the car and invariably succeeded in obtaining it. Thereupon the old gentleman would draw a newspaper from his pocket and soon be engrossed in its contents, notwithstanding the dimness of the light. When the tram stopped at Charlottenburg he had generally finished reading. He would get out and hurry with a quick step towards the March Strasse, in which his unpretentious house stood. This was Theodor Mommsen. He was well-known to his fellow-passengers, or such of them as were inhabitants of Charlottenburg, and every one made room for him; but nobody addressed him. Even if a stranger happened to recognize the celebrated historian, and nudged his neighbor, saying, "This is Mommsen," he was sure to be snubbed for his pains, or in reply to be told, curtly, "Never mind." Thus Mommsen was never molested; and that was exactly what his fellow-citizens had in view by their studied neglect of him. They were proud of his world-wide reputation, and they felt it honored them to know that he was one of their fellow-townsmen. They had an idea that he must needs devote all his spare time to his studies, and that he was thus perforce obliged to read his newspaper in the tramcar. For his books awaited him at home, where he was in the habit of working till long past midnight; so that he could not have many hours to spare for sleep, if he wanted to be up early and back again in Berlin at eight o'clock in the morning to deliver his daily lecture at the University.

Though nobody ventured to speak to old Mommsen when homeward bound, many were the stories told of him in the tramcar in the course of the year; and, what is somewhat unusual with tongue-play in Germany, they were all to his honor. When in the sixties Napoleon the Third was busy writing his "Life of Cæsar," and all Europe was in anxious expectation as to the outcome, he solicited Mommsen's co-operation; but Mommsen politely declined. Some time afterwards Napoleon caused the history of the princely family of Borghese to be written, and he again approached Mommsen and asked him whether he would consent to revise the proofs. This Mommsen agreed to do, but here again he declined to accept the 50,000 francs which the French Emperor had set apart for him in return for his services. The soul of the German Professor stood above cash payment, even from an Emperor. He had been too busy with the dust of whole dynasties of Cæsars to attach much importance to the favor or the rewards of monarchs. It was also related that on one occasion, during Mommsen's residence in Italy, when making an excursion in the neighborhood of Rome with some tourists, the party was stopped by brigands. The latter, whilst busy rifling the company's pockets, enquired their names. "Sono Theodore Mommsen," was the choleric professor's indignant reply. Whereupon the chief of the band stayed his hand. He said he would scorn to rob one who had done so much for Italy's renown. It was indeed a queer contrast of extremes that the mere name of the German *savant*, which could disarm the rapacity of an Italian brigand, should at other periods of his life have been able to attract the animosity of two great nations, the French and the English.

In the winter of 1899-1900 I happened to be in Berlin and received an invitation from Professor Mommsen to lunch at his house. The street door was answered, in true patriarchal simplicity, by one of his daughters. There were two other guests present beside myself. Although the professor was at that time over eighty-three years of

age, he was a bright companion at table; he still plied a vigorous knife and fork, and took his fair share of a choice *crû* of his favorite Sicilian vintage.

The South African War was uppermost in men's minds, and in connection therewith the strong outburst of sympathy with the Boers and antipathy towards England which it had provoked throughout Germany was a ready subject of conversation. According to Professor Mommsen, the unpopularity of England in Germany was not directly owing to the Boer War, although that event had set it aflame and caused it to transgress all defensible limits. This he deplored, as serving no useful purpose; but he considered that it was an inevitable outcome of long-standing, accumulating grievances, partly of a political and partly of a sentimental nature. There were the grievances of a newcomer against an old-established firm in the comity of nations. As to the political grievances, the real offence lay in the antagonistic attitude English statesmen had needlessly adopted towards Germany throughout the long struggle for National Unity—from the Danish War of 1864 to the Franco-German War of 1870. The effect of this action of England, unlike many other transitory manifestations of political leanings in history—as for instance the traditional enmity of France to the House of Habsburg—had not passed away with the memory of the generation which witnessed it. It had become part of German history, and as such—together with previous political data of a kindred nature—had through school tuition and treatises of leading historians[1] become part and parcel of the national tradition and feeling, ready to rise up afresh on every occasion which brought back the memory of the sinister, interfering part England was alleged to have played in German politics. In so far as dislike of England had a sentimental basis, Professor Mommsen saw in it the reaction against a former exaggerated German admiration for everything English, from the days, as he expressed it himself, when "many an English tailor was accepted in the Fatherland as a real live lord." This reaction had been quickened by the awakening of the strong feeling of national self-consciousness which resulted from the unification of Germany, and again, perhaps to an even greater degree, by the giant strides Germany had made since the 1870 war in the accumulation of wealth by manufacture and industry. These achievements somehow produced a feeling that England had been unduly overrated, which was set in further relief by the widely-advertised English taunt that inferior articles were "Made in Germany." As an additional though minor factor in this list of national grievances Mommsen put the overbearing conduct of many English travellers in Germany; one instance of which, connected with a notorious incident in Bonn[2] in Lord Palmerston's days, was dealt with in Parliament and actually led to serious diplomatic discussions between Prussia and England. And lastly the pointed and unfriendly action of certain organs of the English Press Mommsen cited as an obligato accompaniment of disharmony from early days down to our times. "Your Press," he said, "like its Parisian sister, has become a public nuisance." The Boer War came as the final straw to the camel's load of injury. If Professor Mommsen

[1] Many German political writers, notably Treitschke and Lothar Bucher, have propounded the idea that Prussia was shorn of her legitimate fruits of victory by Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and that if she had been allowed to retain Alsace the War of 1870 might never have taken place.

[2] "Fracas" of Captain Macdonald with a railway guard, Bonn, September, 1860.

cited these data to me as explanations of German ill-feeling towards England, he was very far from asserting that they were a sufficient justification of the outburst of national hate which the Boer War produced. As a life-long German Liberal who had suffered legal prosecution for his liberal ideas, he had always been a staunch admirer of English political institutions. Also his eminently legal mind disdained a sentimental harping on grievances long since dead and buried, the calling back of which could do no practical good to anyone in our day. He preferred to dwell upon that which was still left of his earlier faith in English superiority; and even down to the last he was ready to pay his unstinted tribute of admiration to the broad-minded policy of England, "which opens to the stranger every harbor it obtains." However, in common with many other German public men, Mommsen had openly proclaimed his sympathy with the Boers. For all that he was surprised to find that his action excited such angry comment in England as it did. In the first place, because he had always considered England the one country above all others in which people were at liberty to give free expression to their opinions without let or hindrance—a liberty they had ever exercised unrestrictedly, whether they ruffled foreign susceptibilities or not.

He would have laughed anybody to scorn who had doubted his patriotism because he opposed Prince Bismarck when he happened to disagree with his policy, and so he was surprised to find himself reviled as an enemy of England because his juristic sense of what he considered to be the righteous law of nations had to his thinking been outraged by the origin of the Boer War: notably by the Jameson Raid, the responsibility for which he considered did not rest upon the English nation, but on Messrs. Rhodes and Chamberlain.

Another feature of the case strengthened his surprise at the animosity he had excited, and this was that his own view that the origin of the Boer War constituted an infamy exactly coincided with the openly-expressed view of a number of well-known Englishmen, of whom some did not hesitate to give continuous expression thereto on the platform and in the Press. Had it come to this, that we must worship our friends blindly, applaud their every action, or straightway stand accused of being affected with mad antipathy, with that dreadful disease known to us as "Anglophobia"? Like another strong fighter, Gambetta, who when threatened by his constituents turned upon them and told them to their faces that he would follow them to their lairs, Mommsen declined to accept the *mandat impératif* to approve everything from anybody or any conglomeration of "bodies," corporations, communities or nationalities. He stood in his person as a distinguished exponent of the fearless veracity of a whole race, and no scurrility or intimidation could move that old man one hair's breadth from the proud line of his independent conviction. He claimed to exercise in his private capacity the same right of criticism which others, more particularly Englishmen, had always arrogated to themselves. For all that, he was not rabid. He could not understand the resentment of his English friends, and whilst deploring it accepted its consequences in a regretful but philosophical spirit. But what he most particularly objected to was, that a German Professor domiciled in England should have taken upon himself to enlighten him with regard to a situation concerning which Mommsen considered that he required no enlightenment, least of all from such a quarter.

"I can well understand," he said,

"that the English could not afford to allow the power of the Boers to develop to such an extent as might eventually threaten British supremacy in South Africa. In the same way we on our Eastern frontier could not possibly allow the Polish element to swamp our own German nationality. I could even sympathize with and welcome British supremacy, but not with Mr. Rhodes as 'pace-maker'" (he used this word in English).

Neither did Mommsen allow his antagonism to the origin of the Boer War, nor the passionate comments his attitude had provoked in the English Press, nor even the seizing of the German ship the "Bundesrath" by the English, which had called forth a storm of indignation in Germany, to move him one hair's breadth beyond the strict limits he had set to his criticism of English policy. For when one of the guests present expressed himself in angry terms with regard to the supposed indignity which Germany had been exposed to by the "Bundesrath" incident, and said that only a strong German fleet could obviate such occurrences in the future, Mommsen replied, drily, "Such disagreeable incidents (*Chicanen*) may have to be faced in the life of nations, without necessarily involving any great hardships or indignity; they must be put up with as best they can be. Or would you perhaps be prepared to stake our naval existence on a German Nelson?" But if Mommsen took upon himself to criticise the political action of England, at least he was equally frank and uncompromising with regard to other countries besides, his own included.

If there are any influential Germans who nourish the Colonial ambitions in South America which certain people are never tired of attributing to the German Emperor, Professor Mommsen certainly was not one of them. He also declined to consider the United States as an appendix of the British nation, but on the contrary thought them to be far more German in character than is usually held to be the case, particularly in England. The millions of Germans who have found a home across the ocean form a link between Americans and Germans which is not to be found, at least to the same extent, between them and the English, even if it be with the Celtic-Irish. Professor Mommsen thought that a great change was coming over American politics, which would involve a revolution in military and naval matters, but he did not foresee any direct antagonistic consequence therefrom towards the Continent of Europe. Nor did he attach much importance to the growing signs of United States interference in the great international political questions of the world, which had become more evident since the Spanish War, and the growing deference English statesmen show towards the United States. Least of all did he seem to think that the United States might in the future take up the Anglo-Saxon *rôle* of aggressive missionary work abroad in the proportion in which that part might fall from the hands of England, of which, however, there are already strong signs in the Near East.

Mommsen took a very black view of the future of Austria. He said that the battle of Sadowa in its consequences had spelt "Finis Austriæ." The *Ausgleich* with Hungary was nothing more than a *Moschus Kur*, a musk cure —musk being the supposed remedy for a patient *in extremis* with a weak heart. "Austria seems inevitably destined," he said, "to become the Turkey of Europe (*die Europäische Türkei*), a conglomeration of States, each interminably struggling against the rest."

The present state of Germany was also very far from satisfying the eminent historian of Rome. It worried him to think that the balance of ear-

nestness and discipline among German political parties seemed to be with the Social Democrats whereas Germany is so situated that she cannot possibly afford to dispense with a strong monarchical agricultural population. I asked him what development of landed interests his wide experience of other civilizations might have suggested to him as likely to be most suited to the future of Germany. Although as a Liberal he would have scant sympathies for the Junker, yet he could not well lose sight of the great services the landed aristocracy of Prussia had contributed to the unification of Germany by their devotion to the career of arms. And all authorities seemed to agree in connecting the downfall of great empires with the decline of their agriculture. This he did not deny, and replied that he had formed certain ideas on the subject, but it would take time to explain them in the course of conversation. For the moment he was sorry to say that the trend of events pointed to a coming Absolutism in Germany. "This seems to me to be the only possible outcome of the present state of affairs," he said, and added, "If the Emperor Frederick had lived it might have been different."

There was, however, one feature of German life in the present day which called forth Mommsen's unqualified admiration. It was the extraordinary development of the large German towns, both as regards outside appearance, improved sanitation and cleanliness, and, above all, the comparative absence of degrading poverty. He thought these things reflected honor on German civilization. It was a source of pride to him to think of the ability and the high standard of honesty and administrative talent which characterizes Municipal Government in Germany generally. This upraising of the German cities seemed to him destined to bring back to them a Renaissance on a vastly enlarged scale of the splendors of the German cities of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Mommsen declared this to be one of the striking features of European life at the end of the nineteenth century. To a guest who mentioned a recent instance of the first magistrate of a great foreign city being admonished on the day of his installation that it was hoped he would succeed in clearing his character from certain financial entanglements, Mommsen replied, "That indeed would be impossible with us."

In the course of further conversation reference was made to Mommsen's long sojourn in Italy. On being reminded what a popular figure he had always been in that country, for which he had done so much, he replied that it was not so *gefährlich* with his Italian popularity. "The Italians are in some ways much more Chauvinistic than the French, more particularly in their jealousy of German *savants*. This is probably because they have so few *savants* of their own," he said. "Whereas in Paris *parmiles intellectuels* there is a much more generous recognition of merit of other countries. This is natural, because the French have so many distinguished scientists of their own, so they have no cause for petty jealousy."

On returning to the drawing-room we passed before Lenbach's wonderful portrait of our host on an easel, and in a corner of the room we caught sight of his bust by Begas. Mommsen stopped our expression of admiration for the former by telling us of a Frenchman who boasted of the possession of twenty-one portraits of himself. "I have already far too many 'self-portraits,'" he said, jokingly. "But I hope I shall never attain to that Frenchman's degree of distinction."

As is well known, one of Mommsen's

last actions was to pen an article pleading for a better understanding between England and Germany. Whatever his momentary irritation, he did not allow his opinions on particular questions to deaden his sympathies with broader issues. One of these had always been and remained to the last a dominant conviction of the great common interests of Germany and England; particularly as represented by the educated minority, *Die Intellectuellen*, as he called the best representatives of both countries, for the benefit of the civilization of the world.

At a time when Prince Bismarck's animosity towards Mommsen was most strenuous, one night Mommsen was walking home with a friend, when he suddenly turned to him and said, "After all is said and done, what a calamity it is for us all that political animosity should deprive us of the privilege of mixing socially with such a man!" So also on the closing in of life's long day was it with this fearless old fighter in the cause of what he held to be right and truth. He said to himself, "What a pity that two great nations of kindred race should remain at loggerheads." He did not hesitate to run the risk of being thought weak and inconsistent by his more militant countrymen, when he asked for a truce and a better understanding with a foreign but kindred nation, which even in its anger paid indirect homage to his greatness—to the greatness of an old man holding no office, possessed of no power but that which intellect and lofty character still sometimes confer upon a private citizen in this bustling, glittering world of ours.

Sidney Whitman.

The Contemporary Review.

GARDEN CITIES.

Without in the least underrating the importance of the fiscal questions now engrossing public attention, it would be tolerably safe to predict that, whether the conclusion ultimately arrived at be wise or foolish, the consequences will not be altogether irretrievable nor the national efficiency permanently reduced. There are, however, questions affecting the well-being of the home population of which the same cannot be said. They strike at the very root and foundation of national prosperity, and cannot with safety be ignored or the consideration of them deferred to a more convenient season. The first and most urgent of these, concerns the health and physique of the mass of the people.

That physical degeneration is in wide operation amongst the inhabitants of our great towns will hardly be denied by any one who has studied the question. That it may have escaped the notice of those whose observation is practically confined to the members of the well-to-do classes and their immediate dependants is likely enough; but it is none the less a fact, and if proof is wanted it can be had in abundance. In one great industrial centre, we are told, out of 11,000 applicants for Military Service 8000 fell short of a physical standard so low that one positively blushes to hear of its application to the descendants of the finest race in Europe. In considering the significance of these figures it must be borne in mind that the consciously defective would not submit themselves to medical examination. An abundance of evidence pointing in the same direction could be adduced if necessary. The physical condition of the population of

our great towns is in fact so unsatisfactory that it could only be disregarded by a nation smitten with the blindness which precedes destruction.

It is not pretended that the matter has altogether escaped attention. Efforts undoubtedly have been and are being made to improve the hygienic conditions of our great towns. At the same time no serious attempt has been made to grapple with the root of the evil, nor indeed is there any indication that the necessity for taking effective steps to maintain the national physique is at all adequately recognized. If the subject is to be dealt with scientifically it is necessary in the first place to ascertain the causes underlying the evil, to separate those which are practically fixed from those which are open to alteration, and then to consider how the latter may be modified so as to give a reasonable prospect of permanent improvement.

The first step presents little difficulty. The main causes of physical degeneration are by common consent to be found in the change which in a few generations has transformed the English from a race of agriculturists to a race of artisans, from a race of countrymen to a race of townsmen. The Englishman of to-day is essentially a townsman. He no longer rejoices as the pioneer of civilization to struggle with the forces of nature in unsettled lands. If he emigrates it is to the towns he goes. At home he crowds into the towns to such an extent, that in many parts of the country only the aged, the feeble, and the very young, remain. Now the difference between country life and town life, in its effect upon physique, is marked and well known. The man who lives in the country can, all the world over, give points in physique to the man who lives in a town. The man who works in the open air can give points to the man who works within doors. The man, therefore, who lives in a town and works within doors, is at a disadvantage compared with the man who lives in the country and works within doors, and at a still greater disadvantage with the agriculturist. Moreover there is every reason to suppose that the disadvantage is not confined to stature, thews and sinews, but that it extends to brain-power. Even in so young a nation as the United States the saying already obtains that all the brains come from the country, and our own experience confirms its truth.

If the advantages of country life therefore are essential to good physique, unless we are content to see our race degenerate, we must either turn the artisan back into the agriculturist, or we must find means to extend these advantages to the occupations which the former follows. The first of these alternatives is clearly impossible. The industrial tendencies of the nation are due to economic causes. A nation tends to the production of those commodities which it can produce to the greatest advantage. Capital and labor cannot permanently be prevented from following their true interests. That the interests of a nation, which imports three-fourths of its food-supply and some 80 per cent. of whose imports consist of raw material, lie in increasing manufacture and not in reversion to agriculture, cannot seriously be contested. Moreover, so long as the markets of the world lie open to this country for the purchase of food, the English farmer, under existing circumstances, will always be at a disadvantage, handicapped as he is by soil and climate. It seems clear, therefore, that the transfer of labor from agriculture to manufacturing industry, in a continuously increasing ratio, must be accepted as inevitable.

Abandoning, therefore, the first alternative, our only hope lies in the sec-

ond, namely, in enabling the artisan to share with the agriculturist the advantages of country life. But there is another point to be considered. If it be true that country-bred brains are the best, it is equally true that the best country-bred brains gravitate to the towns; and if the countryman beats the townsman in brain-power, he is inferior to him in intellectual agility, and in, at all events, superficial mental development. The problem to be solved therefore is not only how to extend the advantages of country life to the artisan, but also how to enable the agriculturist to share the advantages of town life. But what are the advantages of country life which we desire to extend to the artisan? and what are the advantages of town life which we wish the agriculturist to share? So far as our present purpose is concerned, the former may be summed up in two words—"fresh air"—and the latter in as many more—"social intercourse."

The importance of fresh air as a factor in human development is being tardily recognized, but as yet it is by no means adequately appreciated. An abundant supply of fresh air is more necessary to healthy human existence even than an abundant supply of food. The bare sufficiency of air to support life is a more certain precursor of disease and death than a bare sufficiency of food; yet the relative importance of the two things is wholly misunderstood. If the newspapers report a case of death from starvation the whole community is shocked; while the public at large are either ignorant of the fact, or little moved by the knowledge, that for every victim of insufficient food, a thousand suffer through insufficient air. In dealing with this point it cannot be too often or too strongly urged, that comfort and health are not convertible terms, and that substantial buildings, and contrivances, however admirable, for saving time and trouble, do not fill the lungs with air, but often, indeed, indirectly hinder the process. The philanthropist working in the slums finds two or three families herded together in, let us say, the ground-floor room of a squalid house. The different families sleep in separate corners of the room; in the day-time the children are turned out to play in the gutter; consumption is almost certain to be present in their midst. Our philanthropist is very properly shocked. But what strikes him most forcibly is not, in all probability, the hygienic aspect of the case, but the fact that the people are living like pigs—the absence of decency and comfort. If he can secure their removal to separate rooms on, say, the fifth floor of a tenement building (erected by another philanthropist) where the doors and windows fit well enough to exclude the air, where the women have everything at hand and need but seldom leave their rooms, and the children play either on the staircase or in the room itself, the philanthropist will depart, filled with the comfortable conviction of substantial good effected. Yet from the hygienic point of view, I venture to assert that the last state of these families, particularly as regards the children, would be worse than the first, and that the philanthropist would have done better if he had left the people where he found them, having previously pulled out the window of their hovel, and trusted to their want of means or energy to replace it. The gutter was at least open to the sky and in some degree to the four winds of heaven, and was a better place for the children to play in than the tenement staircase. It is not to be tolerated, I agree, that people should continue to live like pigs, but your pig, after all, is usually a healthy animal, and the conditions of his life are in that respect superior to those of a large

proportion of our fellow citizens. The essentials of health enjoyed by the former at least must be extended to the latter, if any permanent good is to be done them.

If the importance of fresh air is once recognized, and the conditions of life in our great industrial centres examined, experience only serves to confirm the conclusion to which *à priori* reasoning must lead, that under such conditions it is impossible to maintain the physical efficiency of the race. It is, of course, one thing to recognize and deplore the evil, another to find a remedy; but to distract our attention from the sorry spectacle of the condition of our people at home, by external schemes which that very condition, if unamended, must render futile, is surely the policy of the ostrich rather than that of a great nation. To enforce and reiterate this argument is no proof of indifference to Imperial concerns. No one is more convinced than myself that for the full development of national character, the larger view of national duty is of the highest importance; but the recovery of the physical standard is the necessary preliminary to the development of an Imperial race. If this be neglected the Imperial structure rests upon a foundation of sand.

It follows from what has already been said, that the remedy for the state of things we have been considering must be found, either in a radical alteration of our existing towns, or in some fresh method of distributing the population upon the land. Without minimizing the result of the efforts which have been made during the last few years to deal with the question of overcrowding, and to improve the hygienic conditions of life in industrial centres, such conditions remain essentially unsatisfactory and, to my mind, must ever so remain, in default of radical measures to check and ultimately reduce the pressure of population. Where a great town already exists improvements must be piecemeal. Demolition in one quarter tends to aggravate overcrowding in another. The cost is enormous. It would often be cheaper to pension off the occupants for life than to substitute accommodation in reasonably accessible positions. If the working man is compelled to find lodging further afield, the bulk of his leisure is consumed in travelling, often under conditions even less healthy than those of the workshop; while the growth and extension of the suburbs still further vitiates the air in the central districts, and renders the country still more and more inaccessible to the citizen. Reform is made difficult by the unwisdom of our predecessors, and the haphazard, disconnected way in which the town has grown. The past hampers the present at every turn. If we could imagine the occurrence of a devastating conflagration which would sweep all the buildings in London off the face of the earth (Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's being, let us hope, miraculously preserved), and could suppose that, moved by conscientious scruples on the subject of unearned increment, the ground landlords simultaneously laid their rents at the feet of the London County Council, retaining only what represented the unimproved value of the land, no doubt much might be done. In facilities of transit, in unity of construction, in careful distribution of the population in accordance with their several requirements, in low rental value, the new city might be expected to excel any in existence. But, even then, the County Council would be compelled either to send a large proportion of the former citizens about their business, or to resort to the present device of piling family upon family at so many thousand per acre; while the suburban difficulty would remain

as acute as ever. In addition to a clear site of land at its natural value, the County Council would require a great increase of building area and, in addition, the control of all the land around their city, before they could establish a town fit to form the cradle of an Imperial race.

But although our imagination fails to conceive the satisfactory evolution of London itself, the country could furnish an abundance of sites where all the conditions which we have seen to be necessary exist—land at agricultural value, a clear site, and command at will of the surrounding country.

Making a still more vigorous effort of imagination, let us suppose that, at some future time, there arose a Government the Ministers of which realized that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the vital principle of our social organization was industrial democracy; and that, consequently, the first and chief concern of the State was the health and well-being of the industrial population. Let us further suppose, though here the most powerful imagination may fail, that they were prepared to provide for the furtherance of the well-being of the toiling millions of Englishmen, a fraction of what was spent upon the South African War, or of what is to be devoted, with the approval of all, to buying out Irish landlords, on the off chance of putting an end to Irish agitation. In such a case, what could be simpler than to provide sites for industrial towns, upon which the required conditions might be realized; namely, due proportion of area to population, and reservation of an agricultural belt of adequate size round each town? Increase of population in such a case would be provided for, not by increased crowding, but by overflow to contiguous towns established under similar conditions. For instance, land might be provided for a central town of 100,000 inhabitants surrounded by several overflow towns of 50,000 inhabitants, forming, by well-planned means of communication, but one community for social and business purposes. Such a scheme might, of course, either succeed or fail. If it succeeded, the problem we have been discussing would be solved. Artisans would ply their avocations in towns specially devised for the convenience of themselves and their employers, and in immediate touch with the country, with which they would be surrounded. The possibilities before the founders of such a town, in the way of width of streets, parks, gardens, recreation-grounds, allotments, and so forth, can be estimated if we imagine the London County Council with a practically unlimited area of land at their disposal, at a cost of £40 or £50 an acre. Nor would the benefit to the artisan be the only gain; the proximity of a large town would bring a market to the doors of the occupiers of the agricultural belt of land surrounding it, who would naturally devote themselves to the minor agricultural industries, such as dairies, poultry farms, market gardens, &c., most of which involve the employment of a greater number of hands than ordinary farming. The conditions laid down for adequate development would thus be realized. The artisan would be in enjoyment of the fresh air of the country, while the agriculturist would obtain the advantage of social intercourse by the immediate proximity of a large town. The development of the sites need not be undertaken directly by the State, but might be left to the enterprise of private undertakers under suitable conditions approved by the Board of Trade and embodied in provisional orders. If the scheme were successful, it is obvious that the improved value of the land would largely exceed what was required for the reasonable remuneration of the

capital expended. If the scheme failed, the loss would be measured by the difference between the price given for the land and its real selling value; so that the enterprising Government of our imagination would not seriously jeopardize the national resources.

But, in addition to a site to form a town, a population is required. Are there sufficient grounds for supposing that such a population would be forthcoming? This depends mainly upon the attitude of the manufacturers. At the present time they show a marked tendency to leave the great towns, particularly London. Would they avail themselves of a site—which, for the convenience of reference, we will call a "Garden City"—if it were offered them?

That there are advantages at the outset which manufacturers gain by bringing their works together is proved by the fact that they have hitherto crowded into the great centres. What is driving them out is high rent, contracted area, oppressive building regulations, and high wages. In other words, the consequences of the very contiguity which they originally sought, uncontrolled and unrestricted.

Now the advantages which a Garden City could offer would be cheaper land, greater room for extension, lower rates, better (because more vigorous) and possibly cheaper labor, and the numerous facilities for cheap production, which forethought can provide, where a town is specially planned for that purpose. In the case of a municipality supplying its members with water, gas, &c., which would otherwise form the subject of private monopoly, it is not, I think, denied that the consumer gains. Objection is taken on another ground, namely, that he obtains an advantage at the expense of his neighbors, who are not equally benefited. In a Garden City, the central authority being the landlord, the increment in the value of the land would form a fund applicable to such purposes without resort to the rates. On the whole, therefore, it may reasonably be anticipated that those manufacturers who are not by choice or necessity wedded to a great town, would be attracted by the advantages offered by a Garden City.

With regard to labor, it cannot go if manufacturers abstain, nor can it abstain if manufacturers elect to go. Labor must follow employment. The scheme, therefore, though primarily intended for the benefit of the working class, is not dependent on their voluntary co-operation. And this is important; for although there are many working men who would understand and appreciate the boon, the scheme may very likely fail at the outset to interest the working class generally. To tell the average working man that his lethargy and craving for drink are largely the result of unhealthy conditions of life and labor would probably only excite his resentment and ridicule. It is only by experience that he will learn to appreciate the advantages offered him.

Apart from the question of health, however, they are indisputable; for if he gets the same wages as before, he will be better off by the difference in his rent, *plus* the benefit he would derive from the application of the unearned increment for the benefit of the community. If his wages are reduced by the difference in his rent, he will still enjoy the latter benefit.

The producers once planted on the site, the subsidiary classes, professional and trading, will of necessity follow.

If, therefore, the State were minded to apply itself seriously to the question, there is little doubt that a redistribution of the people upon the land might be commenced, which would gradually check both the overcrowding in the towns and the exodus from the coun-

try, to the benefit alike of the landowner, the farmer, and the manufacturer. At present, however, there is little hope of State assistance. That individual effort should anticipate the action of the State is however in conformity with all precedent, and the Garden City Association have for some time past been actively engaged in the endeavor to make a practical experiment upon the lines above indicated. The matter is at present so far advanced that a site of some 4000 acres, about 35 miles from London, has been purchased by a company registered under the name of the First Garden City Limited.[1] Upon this site it is proposed to found a Garden City. The interest of the shareholders is limited to a dividend of 5 per cent. All further profit will be devoted to the benefit of the residents on the estate.

Will the enterprise succeed? I think it will. The readers of this article must judge what weight, if any, attaches to my opinion on the subject. I will only say that I have long studied the question, and that thirty years at the Bar and nine in the House of Commons are calculated to dispel any tendency to extravagant idealism. To me it seems a practical and practicable scheme, the success of which is mainly a question of management and money. A reference to the Garden City Association will satisfy the inquirer that the enterprise is in the hands of business men. With regard to money, some £75,000 has been found by those immediately concerned in the movement, and I cannot believe that the public will allow the scheme to fail for want of funds when the impending appeal is made to them.

For it holds the field as the only practical suggestion for dealing comprehensively with the questions of overcrowding and agricultural depression, and bears within it the promise of ultimate success. And *something* must be done. The loss of initiative is the most unsatisfactory symptom our country exhibits at the present time. Yet, since we are in a later stage of industrial development than other nations, we are confronted by problems which do not as yet affect them. Waiting for a lead in this regard will be fatal. The greatest of Englishmen (judged by the importance of his message to mankind) has come and gone; yet the influence of his teaching upon the social life of his countrymen is still to seek. It is surely time that the altered view of life to which the doctrines of evolution constrain us should be evidenced by practical conduct. While the conditions of life affecting the majority of the people are inconsistent with sound physical development the best laid schemes for social progress are in vain. The distribution of the people upon the land in the manner suggested is not put forward as a panacea for all ills, but as a necessary preliminary to future advance. It is but the first step in a task, which will tax all the energy and all the intelligence of the country during the twentieth century.

Ralph Neville.

The Monthly Review

[1] 348 to 351 Birkbeck Bank Chambers, Holborn, E.C.

RESTLESSNESS IN AGE.

We are all familiar with the impatience which comes naturally with age and failing health, the intolerance of little hindrances, the inconsequence in argument, the petulance in comment, which are the first signs of senility. But there is another kind of impatience which has a wholly different meaning.

It comes to the high-spirited, strenuous man when he feels the hand of Age on him, or that premonition of death which the human body in some hidden way can give to its owner. A man whose soul is centred on a great ideal to which his life's work has been given chafes at the thought that he must be taken before seeing its realization. A man, again, of fiery energy, whose days have been spent in conflicts, may redouble his efforts at the prospect of their cessation, and show an almost hysterical vitality in his closing years. It is a commonplace of literature. The men of the greatest power have the least toleration for petty triumphs, the most abiding sense of the smallness of their doings and the magnitude of their task. That line of "In Memoriam" which was one of the last utterances of Mr. Rhodes is a cry on the lips of all who fix their eyes on a far horizon. Haste to justify themselves, either to make practical some idea, or to walk a little further on the road, is the last infirmity of the strongest and best. For them there can be no afternoon. Their view of age is the view of the old huntsman in "The Flight of the Duchess":—

What's a man's age? He must hurry more, that's all;
Cram in a day what his youth took a year to hold.

They cannot be content, like Bacon, to leave the understanding of their work and character "to foreign nations and the next ages," or to suffer gladly that others should complete what they have begun. To have led the people to the Promised Land, and then to get no more than a Pisgah sight of it, is a bitter trial for human nature.

There are two forms which this restlessness may take. The practical worker, the statesman, explorer, thinker, artist, may chafe at the fiat which bids him give up his task before completion. A year or so more and the great policy will be a fact, a new State or a new Empire will be created, the barrier mountain will have been crossed and the new continent beyond explored, the great system of philosophy which is to reconcile conflicting creeds will have been given to the world, the last touch will have been added to the picture which has been a lifetime in the making. To weaker souls the thought brings despair; but to the higher spirits it means only an increase of earnestness. And therein lies danger. To the man whose work is of a personal kind, such as the writer or the painter, an access of energy, however feverish, matters comparatively little. But to the maker of nations, the statesman, the sudden quickening of pace may mean the undoing of a life work. When we build successfully we build in tacit alliance with natural forces, biding our time and making broad and deep our foundations. We believe that Time is on our side, and believing also that "the counsels to which Time hath not been called, Time will not ratify," we dare not move too fast. Short-cuts, which policy forbade in those earlier days when we had patience, are not more justifiable now in our old age. The temptation, indeed, is superhuman. It is natural to wish to hurry a work to its completion while you are still there to superintend, for who knows that you may trust your successors? To bring life to some full satisfying close is an essential if you are to say "Nunc Dimittis" with a quiet mind, and the stronger souls have a hunger for finality. They do not see that the gratification of an instinct, which, however noble, is a personal one, may gravely endanger the permanence of that structure at which they have labored. If in the desire to see the tower clear of scaffolding they build the last story hastily, the first north wind may

send it down about the ears of their children. "So little done, so much to do," is a fine motto for life, but so far as concerns methods, Goethe's *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, is perhaps a safer maxim. But there is another form of restlessness in age, which is not concerned with the completion of a particular work. A man of strong natural energy may be content to trust himself and his labors, so far as they have gone, to the mercies of his successors, but may chafe at the thought that with it all he has but realized a fraction of what is within him. The consciousness of latent power may drive him to that strange flare of genius which we find sometimes in the last years of great men. Here there is no need to counsel patience for the sake of their work, for they differ from the man who has been possessed by the idea of some practical achievement. They need not think of the world, but of their own souls,—how to find a balm to soothe the feverish love of living from which they must soon be free. And happily they may find it, like Browning's Grammarian, in the hope of immortality.

The one faith which can give patience to the great builder among men is the belief that in his work he has been on the side of cosmic forces, and that these will cherish and perpetuate his efforts. It is a high stretch of human fortitude, and few have reached it. The martyr who, believing that God is fighting for him, is content to leave his cause in His hands, is the most conspicuous example of such a faith. There used to be a theory among certain German historians—a theory for which, unfortunately, we have no warrant in facts—that Cæsar, having brought his country to the brink of an Empire, chose to forego its consummation, thinking that work better done by other hands, and deliberately courted the sword of Brutus. If the fable were true, it would be a perfect instance of the patience of the great builder, who could so purge all personal vanity from his soul that for his work's sake he could choose to leave the crowning achievement and the glory to another. But there have been many cases of men who died without seeing the fruit of their labors, but in perfect confidence as to the ultimate issue. No restlessness clouded the last days of William the Silent, who seemed to the world to be leaving his country in as ill a plight as ever, but who was sustained by the faith that he had allies whom the world knew not. There is a fragment of a song in one of the "Waverley Novels" which represents the attitude of the great man who has not achieved a small success, but has laid the foundations of a permanent one:—

The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's grace,
And the rest in God's good time.

There is no other sedative for the noble impatience which great workers must feel except the belief in some Power in the universe which will preserve and complete whatever of truth and value their work has contained. It is a presupposition of philosophy that the world is not in league to defeat the efforts of man in the quest of truth or the moral life. In the same way it is a fair supposition that progress cannot be permanently impeded by the hiatus of death. The restless desire to finish off a work is justifiable only when the haste it entails does not do violence to those principles of organic growth on which alone permanence is founded.

The Spectator. •

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is intimated that Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his volume on "Jeremy Taylor" in the Macmillan English Men of Letters series, will dispose of certain romantic incidents to which importance has hitherto been attached.

The authorship of Blackwood's "Personalia," which readers of The Living Age have had the pleasure of reading in full, is still a mystery, although it might be thought that there was no lack of internal evidence to furnish a clue. Not many Englishmen, surely, can have had so extended a personal acquaintance and be able to write such vivacious chronicles. The latest to deny identity with "Sigma" is Sir Douglas Straight.

Next March the only extant portion of the original manuscript of Milton's Paradise Lost, eighteen pages, small quarto, comprising the First Book of the ode, will be sold at auction at Sotheby's in London. It is not in Milton's autograph, of course, for when "Paradise Lost" was published the poet was blind. It bears on the inside of the first leaf the imprimatur of the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Its pedigree cannot be traced in detail, but its genuineness is beyond question.

A monument to Hawthorne is to be erected on the site of the Little Red House on the northern shore of "Stockbridge Bowl," in the Berkshires, where he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables" and "Tanglewood Tales." The house was standing until 1890, and although of modest proportions scarcely seemed to merit the strong words that Hawthorne wrote of it when he described it as "the most wretched and inconvenient little hovel that I ever put my head in." The house was situated within the limits of Stockbridge, but so near the village of Lenox that Hawthorne dated his letters from the latter, and in the Hawthorne biographies the house is always spoken of as in Lenox.

Replying to the request of the London Academy that he would name the two books published in 1903 which gave him the greatest pleasure, Mr. Austin Dobson wrote:

During the year I have looked into many books for a purpose, and seen accounts of others; but I have read for pleasure nothing but "Sévigné's Letters," and some novels of Scott.

Edmund Gosse would not commit himself to any two books but questioned "whether any of the new books I did not read can possess more ingenious originality or a finer grace than Mr. Henry James's 'Life of W. W. Story,' which I did read." Morley's "Gladstone" has the first place in the replies of Frederic Harrison, Mrs. Craigie, Robertson Nicoll, W. L. Courtney, and Sir Gilbert Parker. Both H. G. Wells and Joseph Conrad put "The Ambassadors," by Henry James, first. Mr. Conrad also mentions Mr. Wells's "Mankind in the Making." Both Mrs. Craigie and Clement Shorter liked Tallentyre's "Voltaire." Sir Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., has a catholic taste, his two books being "Wee Macgreegor" and Dr. Wallace Budge's "Gods of the Egyptians." Both George Gissing and E. V. Lucas favor Conrad's "Typhoon."

SEA-TOKENS.

Round the timbers of the boat
Waifs and strays of ocean float,—
Carven things of human hands,
From some undiscovered lands.

And the skipper turns to go
Towards this land he does not know,
Not in vain interpreting
Signs that wind and waters bring.

As I float upon life's sea,
Hemmed around with mystery,
Sometimes on the tide I find
Tokens brought by wave and wind.

These I take with careful heed,
Treasure them and strive to read—
Tokens of some land that lies
Unexplored of earthly eyes.

With such course as I discern,
To this wonder-land I turn,
Trusting at the last to glide
Into haven safe and wide.

Shall I find upon the shore
Those whom now I see no more?—
Will they take the rope I cast,
Draw me in, and moor me fast?

Arthur L. Salmon.

Temple Bar

THE ENEMY.

Unskilled in Letters and in Arts unversed;
Ignorant of empire; bounded in their view
By the lone billowing veldt, where they upgrew
Amid great silences; a people nursed
Apart—the far-sown seed of them that erst
Not Alva's sword could tame; now, blindly hurled
Against the march of the majestic world,
They fight and die, with dauntless bosoms curst.
Crazed, if you will; demented, not to yield
Ere all be lost! And yet it seems to me
They fought as noblest Englishmen did use
To fight, for freedom; and no Britain he,
Who to such valor in a desperate field
A knightly salutation can refuse.

William Watson.

A SONG OF LAMENTATION.

I wrote a song for Corydon,
All tears and lamentation,
With plaint that Chloe, pretty rogue,
Had wrought his desperation.
"She was untrue,
She was unkind,
An end to all his woes he'd find
In self-annihilation."

My verses breathed despair and scorn,
To terrify and flout her,
When lo! the quarrel was made up
And, "Had I dared to doubt her?
O shame!
A man of evil mind!
To call his Chloe aught but kind,
And sing such songs about her."

They both began to rail at me,
And I then to discover
How hard the poet's lot may be
That sings to please a lover!

Ethel Clifford.

SUNRISE ON THE ALETSCH GLACIER, FACING THE WEISSHORN.

"It is good for us to be here."

Unwitnessed, at the birth of every sun,
Here, in the mountain solitudes sublime,
Eternal power reveals itself through time,
And morn by morn the mighty works are done.
And here to-morrow on the lonely way
There may be signs and wonders, and the same
Transfiguration turn no heart to flame;—
Ah! well for me that I was here to-day.
I stood above the range of earthly care
And rested in the sanctuary lone,
Breathing the grace of sacramental air
From snowy courts around the great white throne,
And in the silent sunrise unaware
I passed into the Presence, and have known.

Hugh Macnaghten.

The Saturday Review.